

A CENSUS PROPHECY OF A CENTURY

December COAL MINING AT THE NORTH PO
BRIGHT CHRISTMAS STORIES

Shaw, Dr Albert A Aug01
13 Astor Place

NATION MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPLIN



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W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop.



THE TREATY SIGNED ON THE SEA

(Copyright, 1900, by Frank Putnam)

The sea is the field where the Mongol's prow turns over a furrow of foam;
The sea is the Spaniard's menace and the roving Dutchman's home.
For many the sea is a highway, for many a restless grave,
But for men of the Anglo-Saxon race the sea is a shackled slave.

(From "The Anglo-Saxon Sea.")

I HAVE no love for the English when they sweep with fire and sword
The land of a little people in the name of an outraged Lord;
But a sudden flame runs through me, the pride of a common blood,
As I read how men of the "Georgian" fought the mad Atlantic's flood.

The "Ella" reeled like a boxer dazed by a giant foeman's blow;
A helpless hulk in the sea's great hands, she carried the lives of men.
They got no hope from the mist-hid skies or the grinding waves below;
Each prayed his prayer in his own rude way and strove with the strength of ten.

Some prayed whose lips gave out no sound, some cursed in a blank despair;
But all faced death and the fear of death and the burden of all was prayer.
The captain, beaten and broken and sick, for his wife and children three
He prayed the Lord, and the good Lord heard, for His answer was on the sea.

Day rushed from the deep and the "Georgian's" men came over the gulf in a shell.
Then hope was born anew in the hearts of the sinking "Ella's" crew;
They knew not how mere mortal strength could live in the boiling hell
That parted the ships; but the "Georgian's" men had never a fear—they knew.

They came to a stop near the "Ella's" side and they tossed her a welcome line.
The Germans cheered, for they saw death yield to the Britons' bold design;
They tied a babe on a sailor's back and the sailor leaped in the wave,
And the arms at the life-boat end of the line were steady and strong to save.

Three times they loaded the life boat down, and back to the "Georgian" came—
Dared fate till the last of the "Ella's" men was safe on an English deck;
Then, heedless how they had added a leaf to the laurel of English fame,
They headed their ship for the far home port and bade goodbye to the wreck.

Let kings plot wars, and money plot gain, and press-men fan hate's coals,
Yet deeds like this of the "Georgian's" crew from race-hate set men free.
In story and song their feat shall live as long as the old earth rolls,
And they shall ever be brothers on land who were brothers there on the sea.

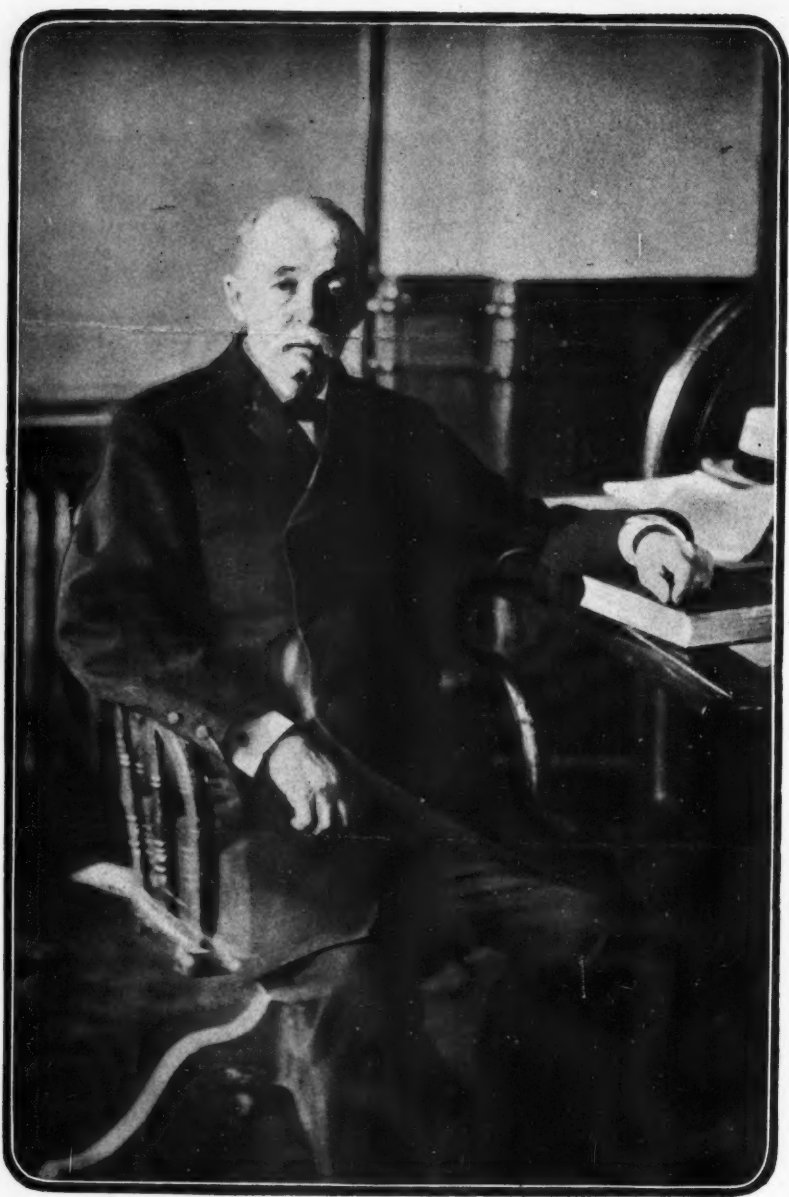
Frank Putnam

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Just at this time, when the Anglo-German-American compact for the preservation of the open door in China has drawn the three great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race into closer relations of mutual helpfulness than they have hitherto enjoyed, there is a singular timeliness, we think, in the accompanying reproduction of Mr. Putnam's vigorous sea ballad. He has revealed the true reasons which, rather than others less natural and noble, prompt this new tripartite alliance in China. An alliance not attested in formal papers of state, so far as the United States is concerned, but one based upon something more enduring than any paper of state, i. e., likeness of racial impulses and of aspirations toward the emancipation of mankind. If the French government, for the time being, chooses to stand with the Russian absolutism, we do not doubt that ere long the genius of the great French people will have brought that nation into its natural mental and spiritual alignment with the other western world powers. "The Treaty Signed on the Sea" first appeared in the "Chicago Times-Herald" in March of this year, and is republished by permission. We are informed Mr. Putnam purposes to employ this ballad as the title piece of his next volume of poems.]



Drawn for "The National Magazine" by A. P. Button

"THE NEW NATION"



CUSHMAN KELLOGG DAVIS

The latest photograph of Senator Davis (deceased) of Minnesota, the distinguished chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in his private office.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 3



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

SOMETHING of the cheery air of anticipation that goes with "the first days of school" prevails at Washington this month. There is a freshness and heartiness in the greetings that contrasts markedly with the farewells spoken when senators, congressmen and political cavaliers left to participate in the presidential joust. As in all matters political, eyes are kept close on the weather vane at the White House, which seems to be the "focal" point of observation. Nor is it only those who were victors who participate in the after-election functions.

The President is tendered congratulations from representatives of every political creed represented in the national balloting, which included not less than a half score distinct and separate presidential candidates. What a significant story of the variance of political belief is told by such a plethora of presidential aspirants! There is no air of renewed leasehold at the White House, and little evidence that a momentous election has just occurred. The new stairs are completed to the President's office on the second floor, ready for the wear and tear of four years more.

Senator Thurston is leading a dele-

gation and puffing a cigar in the corridor. His attention is called to the sign "No Smoking" on the wall.

"Smoking! Everything is smoking hot after such an election. No, I do not have to deny what state I am from any longer. Wasn't it glorious?" he ejaculates with another deep-drawn puff, and a flapping of his coat tails.

Senator Foraker comes in, and his fire-alarm orations of earlier days are scarcely suggested by the quiet and modest way in which he insists that Ohio has a way of electing every one of her presidential candidates. Senator Fairbanks, the wiry willow of the Wabash, plasters his hair down smoothly and smiles upon the ro-tund form of Senator Mason who rolls in to tell "how it was done in Chicago." The shadowy Senator Platt quietly moves across the room, smiling but inscrutable as the Sphinx. Out of the deep recesses of his trousers pocket he draws an old leathern pocket-book, unrolls the strap and extracts a rolled up bill. In the procession is the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, with a hearty and whole-souled greeting for everyone. Gravely the door-keeper opens the white-slatted door for Judge, formerly Senator, Gray of Delaware, now looked

upon as one of the ablest and most level-headed men in the nation. He tells me that he is decidedly opposed

SENATOR THURSTON



Photo by Olin

to any re-adjustment of southern representation, notwithstanding the action some of the states have taken in disfranchising colored voters.

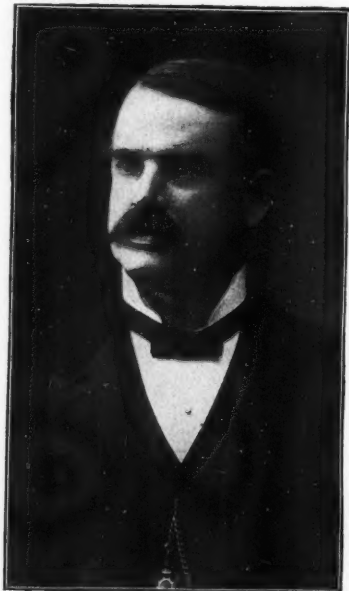
"There is a likelihood of the solid south breaking whenever this race question is quieted, but any action curtailing representation will simply solidify the South, and keep alive a very threatening sectional feeling. A little patience, and these matters will adjust themselves equitably, without hostile political interference."

The situation in Delaware is exceedingly interesting. After a determined and persistent struggle of twelve years, J. Edward Addicks is likely to wear the senatorial toga. He is one of the callers at the White House. The

white dove of peace has been fitting about. The prejudice and contest against Mr. Addicks has always been more bitter outside than in Delaware. Then, too, the traditions of the state inculcate that a senatorial seat, or the gubernatorial chair of the Commonwealth, are never to be occupied except by those native-born, and this developed a strong opposition to Mr. Addicks. He is a man who never gives up a fight, and yet in his impulse is generous to a fault. He has offered to take the short term, relying upon his own strength and his record to obtain a re-election. It is useless to deny that he has a loyal and intensely enthusiastic following, and his constituents prophesy that he will make a splendid record, despite the prejudice that exists against him, because of his wealth.

From personal impressions not gained from conversations with any of

HON. GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR



CHILDREN OF VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MISS ALICE



THEODORE, JR



ARCHIBALD AND QUENTIN



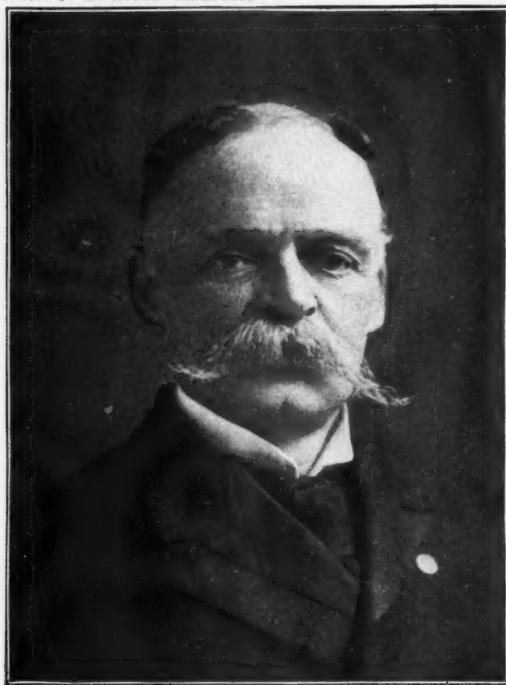
ETHEL



those who are to vote upon the question, I gather that the Nicaraguan canal will be commenced before Presi-

enthusiastically recount the prospects for an early start on the canal, and how all obstructions in the way of old

HON. J. EDWARD ADDICKS



private concessions had been cleared away, giving Uncle Sam a clear field of action. And action is likely to be a characteristic of the coming session of Congress!

There are few men who entered more heartily into the spirit of making the Paris Exposition a success for America than Commissioner Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado and Washington. I met Mr. Walsh in Washington recently, when on his way to the White House with Secretary Wilson to hold a conference with President McKinley. The following questions, which every citizen of the United States has asked more or less of returning visitors from Paris, were directly propounded to Mr. Walsh.

"How did the Paris Exposition compare with our World's Fair at Chicago?"

"Inferior in the general outline and construction of buildings, as well as in the installment of exhibits, but superior in the vastness and greatness of exhibits shown."

"What were the general impressions concerning American institutions and industrial, agricultural and artistic achievement?"

"Nearly every one of our exhibits was of the highest standard. The French regulations compelled our people to divide the exhibits into a great many parts, but nevertheless the superiority of American brains, ingenuity and workmanship was recognized and

dent McKinley's administration closes. Mind you, this is not prophetic calculation based upon any authentic summary of views, but just an impression.

A delightful conversation with Senor Corea, the Nicaraguan minister, may have been the basis for this impression. He had just returned from an extended visit to his home at Mingua laden with new dignities by M. Zelaya, president of the Nicaraguan republic. He is now minister to Mexico as well as to the United States, which is of itself significant, and this is likely to keep him very busy during the winter, watching all phases of the Nicaraguan canal project. His black, dancing eyes were fairly ablaze, as I heard him

acknowledged by all, especially by the educated people of Europe."

Finally, with the irrepressible Yankee spirit inciting me, I asked the question "Did it pay us? That is:

ficant features of the Exposition from an American standpoint. It made the French nation realize, as nothing else could, that we are not an ungrateful people, but remember affectionately

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH AND CHILDREN



were the general results achieved, proportionate to the cost?"

"Decidedly, especially from an international and commercial standpoint!"

"What do you think was the most important event of the Exposition?"

"The presentations of the Lafayette and Washington statues touched the heart of the French people and were among the most pleasant and signi-

ficant features of the Exposition from an American standpoint. It made the French nation realize, as nothing else could, that we are not an ungrateful people, but remember affectionately

ficant features of the Exposition from an American standpoint. It made the French nation realize, as nothing else could, that we are not an ungrateful people, but remember affectionately

"The appointment of two such characteristic American women as Mrs. Daniel Manning and Mrs. Potter Palmer as commissioners was a happy thought. Mrs. Manning represented

the Daughters of the Revolution in the presentation of their monument in a most capable and fitting manner. Mrs. Potter Palmer in her own inimitably charming way entertained during the entire summer and fall, and she not only welcomed thousands of her countrymen and women, all of whom were charmed with her queenly grace and hospitality, but worked incessantly to promote the interests of American women. Indeed, counting myself out, I doubt if President McKinley could have selected a body of men who would have more creditably sustained the honor and dignity of our country than those who constituted the board of commissioners to the Paris Exposition. They all entertained more or less, and did everything

in their power to make their countrymen feel quite at home in a strange land among a strange people."

Americans always "make things go" when they undertake it in earnest, and Mr. Walsh was pre-eminently interested in his own country and saw that nothing lagged when he could push it along. His sturdy, genial, hospitable *bombonie* quite captured the Parisian social world, and Mr. and Mrs. Walsh entertained in the truly American spirit. Among their guests was King Leopold of Belgium, who through them, became greatly interested in American affairs. The receptions given by Mrs. Walsh in the Elysee Palace were attended by the most select Parisian society and the most exclusive of European celebrities. No

other American woman was more cordially received, or made a better impression than did Mrs. Walsh at the memorable receptions attended and given by her during the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Europeans are more strongly attracted to the refreshing and distinctive Americanism of the representatives of the western portion of the United States than by the imitative reflection of European manners and methods affected in the eastern states. They like an Americanism impressed in broad and bold strokes, indicative of the courage, enthusiasm and lofty idealism which has been associated with American institutions since Benjamin Franklin appeared at the court of France—and not in vain,

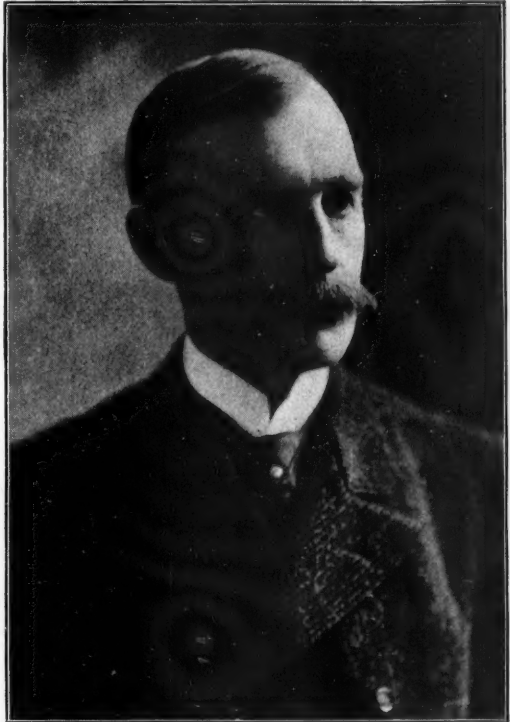
MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH



winning for the struggling colonies an alliance which made the Declaration of Independence a memorable fact in the world's history, and the United States the greatest nation of the dawning century.

nac predictions, and the most populist looking insist upon telling how they voted for President McKinley.

THOMAS F. WALSH, U. S. PARIS COMMISSIONER



The presidential right arm will never lack muscular development for want of exercise. Each working day adds nearly two thousand handshakes to the record of presidential greetings. Delegations pour in by thousands and are duly ranged in order for reception. On this particular day the Interstate Roosevelt Club comes in force, with gorgeous badges and happy smiles. Uncle Jerry Smith, the jolly colored janitor, in gingham apron and with his trousers turned up in approved English fashion, is on duty, and having officially cared for the White House cuspidors and waste baskets, aids in forming the line. The yellow upholstered furniture of the East Room is used as a barricade to indicate the line of procession. Two by two the visitors march up and break into single file just before they reach the President. About six files back they begin to assume that smile of greeting which varies from a look of official solemnity to a broad grin. The remarks made in passing would fill a joke-book, and include conventional greetings, political suggestions, office-seeking hints, satirical flings, and biblical quotations. The delegation from the national Grange, 600 strong, includes rugged farmers given to alma-

The President apparently enjoys it all, never missing one in the line, especially the children. One little girl, who timidly dodges by in the folds of her mother's skirts, is brought back again, and is quite won when the President stoops to shake both her tiny hands. The handshaking is about in cadence with the pace of a clock-pendulum. Secretary Courtelyou and Captain Loeffler stand gravely by with the White House officials, who keep the line moving. The ladies are inclined to stop and look back, like Lot's wife, to re-observe the reception in detail even after they have passed into

the red-draped and red carpeted corridor. I gaze upon this characteristic national function from behind a bust of Jefferson, and wonder if, when he received the people of his day, he could have realized what the end of the century would bring. Now for a biograph to catch the varied expressions of the faces in line, just as they reach the President and take his hand. It would represent interesting phases of human nature. Some approach with their heads tilted to port, some with a list to starboard, while others "come about" face to face and head on. A president with a sense of humor has great opportunities for studying the "reception face," which differs from the bicycle stare and golf grin

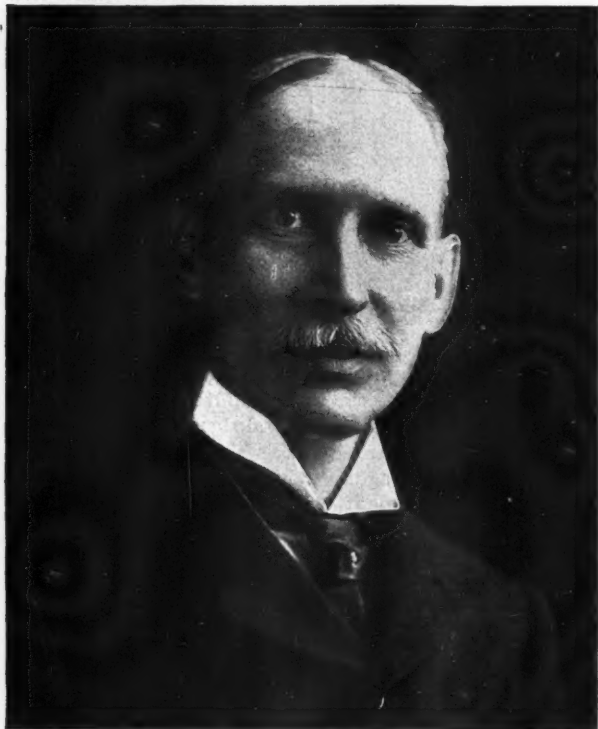
only in degree. Now I can understand why Lincoln enjoyed receptions. After all, it is this touching of hands, this close contact of president and people, that effectively punctures predictions of imperialism or a regime of royal caste. The surging multitudes keep up the renovating tides and currents of public life.

* * *

Even the silence of cabinet walls is broken by the wholesome and sincere touches of official affection, as well as by imputed designs and intrigue. It was the first meeting of President McKinley's cabinet after the election. There was no unseemly exultation, but an air of increased responsibility and seriousness appeared all pervad-

ing. The President arose and greeted the members of his official family in that kindly way which has won their deep respect and confidence. There was almost a tremor in his voice when he expressed his appreciation of their loyalty and faithfulness, and added that the result of the election was indeed a tribute to their work. He reviewed clearly in a few words the great events of four years past, comprehensively and conclusively showing how closely related passing events have been, and

HON. PERRY S. HEATH



MRS. M. G. BENJAMIN



MISS ESTELLE ELLIS



MISS RICE



MISS WALKER



how carefully he has followed every detail of public affairs. There was only one vacant chair, and his reference to

THE HAYTIAN MINISTER AND WIFE



Photo by Dinst

Secretary Root's trip to Cuba in the interests of the great purpose of the administration was a tribute heartily

MISS SETTLE OF KENTUCKY



endorsed by the secretary's associates gathered about the table.

The President concluded with a notable request, asking each member of the cabinet to remain, and also his secretary, George B. Cortelyou, notwithstanding the fact that it has always been the custom of members of the cabinet to hand in their resignations at the close of each administration, and to re-organize for the next. He said he realized that their service entailed a sacrifice to each one, but he wanted them to know that he deeply appreciated their loyalty to the country's welfare.

Secretary Hay was the first to break the brief lull, and each secretary fol-

THE HON. WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM,
THE NEW U. S. SENATOR FROM VERMONT



lowed in a man-to-man tribute to his chief, speaking right from the heart with a unanimity which has perhaps never been paralleled in a presidential cabinet, after the friction of so long and so important public service. It must indeed have been touching to witness such an expression of confidence and affection between ministers, representing vastly varied interests, sections, and indeed, men of widely different temperaments. Serenely unconscious, sincere and unselfish to

the last degree, President McKinley was given a hand-grasp which was more than an official formality. The session lasted long into the afternoon, and was altogether an unusual and remarkable event, and entirely impromptu and spontaneous.

A spirited and informal chat over election matters and experiences and future work continued even after adjournment, and the members departed talking together far out into the avenue, in a way that indicated an unusual degree of enthusiasm for co-operative effort.

The career of F. Augustus Heinze of Montana, who was candidate for governor of that state, is an example

of what perseverance, pluck, boldness and sound judgment can do for a

PRINCESS AUERSPERG



MRS. HANSBROUGH



young man in these latter days, when the popular opinion is that there is no avenue now open to him, with nothing but his brain and brawn for capital.

Heinze came to Butte in 1889, being then twenty or twenty-one years of age. He was an engineer and metallurgist by profession. He was a college graduate, and entered the em-

BERIAH WILKINS, EDITOR OF "THE
WASHINGTON POST"



J. C. A. BECKHAM, NEWLY ELECTED
GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY



MISS HELEN GOULD



Miss Gould's interest in the United States army and navy has won for her the highest respect in Washington, and her quiet, philanthropic effort in other directions has made her name honored and revered as an earnest helper of human-kind.

SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM
OF ILLINOIS



ploy of the Boston & Montana company as an engineer. It was this employment which furnished him with

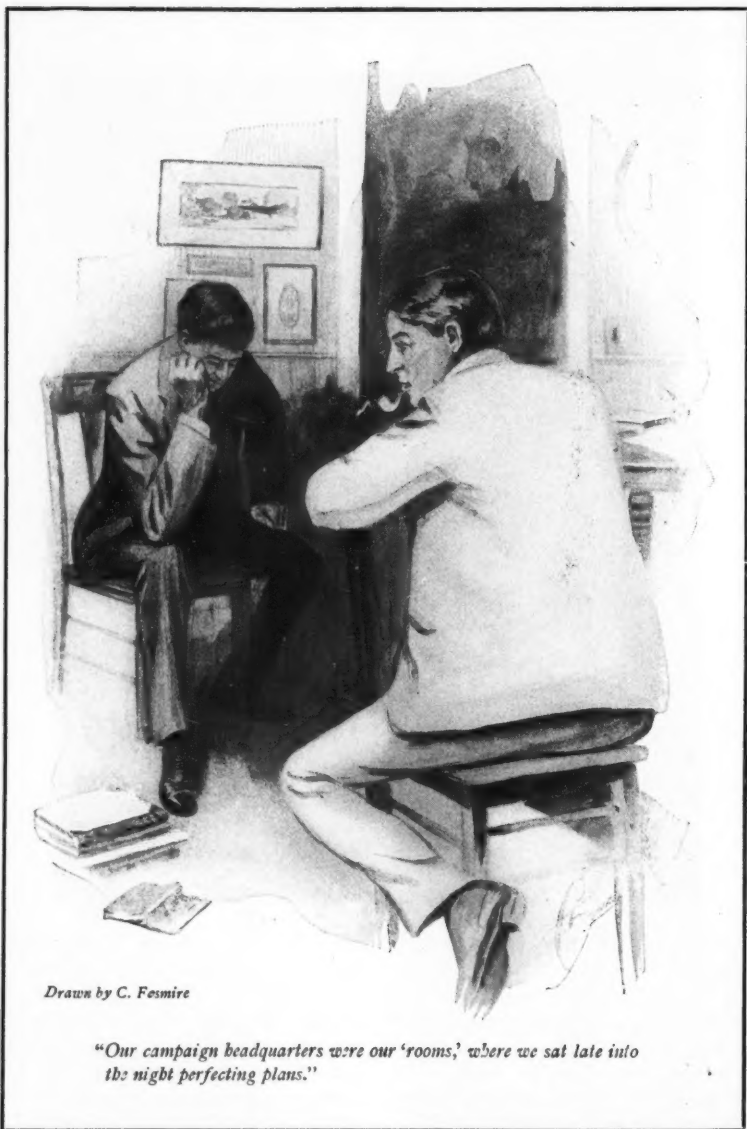
data as he had accumulated, and his great success with his smelter is matter of history not alone in Mon-

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE



the nucleus of his present important position in the mining world of to-day. Being keen of perception and quick to take advantage of opportunities offered him, he soon saw the vast possibilities presenting themselves in Butte. He kept his own counsel, all the time gleaning information for further use. At the end of a year he had made up his mind what to do. He resigned his position and straightway began operations. He put in shape such

tana, but all over the mining world. Heinze had picked up something nobody else had ever thought of. He began reaching out and acquiring properties that other mining men had passed up "like white chips," to use a western phrase, but which were proven to be, under his magic hand, of inestimable value. Then it was that Heinze, this young man who had dropped into their midst unheralded, became a new Richmond in the field.



Drawn by C. Fesmire

"Our campaign headquarters were our 'rooms,' where we sat late into the night perfecting plans."

CAMPAIGNING FOR A FOOTBALL TEAM

By Flynn Wayne

FRED APPLIER is my room-mate. We entered — University this fall, and have lived successfully through the two months' probation all freshmen are supposed to endure on account of native greenness.

Fred has made a successful campaign for the foot-ball team, and its complications and happy outcome to us—and others—make an interesting bit of history.

"Fritz" is every inch an athlete; a prime young fellow, tall, angular, with strong muscles, good nerve and long wind! Of these essential characteristics I can boast but one—wind: a commodity with which I am so well supplied that I have earned the nickname "Windy." Mine is the sort of athletic mind that is given over to describing how things ought to be done; dreaming of victorious games, criticizing players and coaches, and giving Fritz advice on everything I know the least about. You see I am but the commonest kind of a fellow; one almost everybody has met—to their sorrow. But about our campaign.

Fritz, of course, was the candidate, and I, "Windy," his manager. Perhaps the lay reader does not fancy that there are any politics or strategy connected with making a college football team. I can only say that no national committee man ever felt more keenly his responsibility than I did, nor any candidate carry his "Crown of Bruises" better than Fritz. We felt ourselves a winning combination from the start.

Our campaign headquarters were our "Rooms"—more truthfully spelled

without an s—situated on one of the avenues near the campus; a location entirely suited to our purposes. It was decided that we must organize the "Working Bureau" in all completeness, so articles were drawn up and signed stating our relative positions and debarring us from breaking faith, no matter what obstacles might be encountered, until the end of the campaign. I was to handle all press notices, give out all interviews and attend to all business matters, while Fritz was to do nothing but determinedly play the game.

We sat late into the night perfecting plans, and were soon rewarded temporarily when the university coach told Fritz to report for practice, and the contest was fairly begun.

It was certainly an annoyance from my standpoint that I was not allowed in the training quarters, when he made his first appearance there; but the rules were inexorable, and I joined the other spectators, securing the best position possible.

Fritz's appearance gave me a bit of pride. He was padded twice his normal size, and as they lined up for the signal I noticed that he was trying for the half-back. As he passed our eyes met, and he lifted his rubber nose, grinning a salutation. Then he jammed its end back between his teeth as the signal was given.

5-4-16-27

and away they went, only to form again a few yards distant and repeat the performance. Back and forth across the field they worked with scarcely a moment's pause, the coaches

yelling at them. It was hard work, and Fritz's tongue hung out from heat and exhaustion, but he stuck to it doggedly until released for the night and sent to training quarters for a rub down. I left for our campaign headquarters a trifle disappointed that he had not at once distinguished himself. I resolved I would tell him gently, but firmly that his tongue had been far too conspicuous.

When Fritz finally appeared he looked more dead than alive. His massive frame seemed to be warped, and he had a most woe-begone expression.

"Gee, 'Windy,' but I'm tired!" he exclaimed languidly. "Loosen my clothes and let me lie down a while. Quick, or I'll drop in my tracks! It's hard work."

"Well, this is a nice look-out, I must say," was my rather severe answer, as I assisted him.

"There's reason for consternation in these quarters when our candidate is reduced to a physical wreck in the first muscular argument he undertakes, and—"

"O, cut it, old man. I'm really in no humor to listen to you," he snapped vigorously enough.

"I've got to get hardened to it, that's all. Look up some of the other fellows if you think I'm so soft."

"But your tongue, Fritz—your tongue hung out frightfully," I began apologetically. "And as your manager, I must insist—"

"Hang my tongue, and yours, too!"

I had never seen him so petulant; but remembering that it was customary to humor a candidate, (I had the Kansas City convention in mind) I allowed silence to reign until Fritz himself began the conversation half an hour later.

"How did the 'Bureau' get along?" he asked, with a smile.

"Fine," I responded as if nothing had occurred. "I met some of the reporters, introduced myself to them as an old newspaper man, and incidentally pointed you out as sure to make the team. They never dreamed it was 'bureau' work."

"Why Windy! what would your mother say?" laughed Fritz good humoredly. "You're as bad as the man who sends advertising circulars with a 2-cent stamp: misleading the people."

I made no reply at first, then I said seriously: "That doesn't trouble my conscience, old fellow. The proposition that worries me is feminine gender."

"Who? Elsie?" he demanded quickly.

Elsie is Fritz's "onliest only." They have been in love ever since their mud pie days, and although their engagement is not announced for many reasons, it is none the less binding. Personally, I do not see that Elsie is any more charming than a thousand other girls. She screams at mice; and although she is a genuine golf fiend she pretends to regard foot-ball as beyond the pale. I once heard her say that she would as soon marry a prize fighter as a foot-ball player; but in view of Fritz's sudden determination to win laurels on the gridiron I supposed that he had converted her to a rational point of view.

"Haven't you brought her around to your way of thinking?" I asked anxiously. "I thought everything was O. K."

"Y-e-s; that is, she doesn't say any more against it," answered Fritz. "But you know that 'a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still.' She'd rather I wouldn't play, for she says I may get maimed for life."

We both chuckled at this eminently feminine view of things. Then said I: "Oh! tell her to think of the consti-

tution you're building up, man. You know how to fix her. But the proposition I referred to wasn't Elsie. It was a girl who was reporting for the 'Star' this afternoon. She said a friend of her's had a very special friend trying for our team and she hoped he wouldn't make it."

"What was her name?" inquired Fritz with a yawn.

"Miss Willoughby."

"Great snakes!" and he sat bolt upright, "she's Elsie's room-mate at the Female Seminary."

We looked at each other for some minutes.

"Pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed," I answered defiantly. Then the chapel clock struck ten, so we went to bed.

Fritz had some weeks of steady practice, and improved every day. He did not come in so tired nights, and seemed to work with more spirit or vim in the line-up. Moreover, I was never given a chance again to accuse him of having advertising space to let on his great red tongue.

"The Bureau", meantime, was also working and improving every opportunity, so when the coach picked two elevens from the candidates and gave Fritz his first chance to distinguish himself in a game, things looked decidedly bright.

This first contest was a hard one, every fellow working like a demon in the determination to down his rival and make the team then and there. Fritz was into every scrimmage with ferocious ardor, and made the first touchdown. He came fully up to the expectations of the "Bureau", who glided ostentatiously about, giving points to the reporters. In only one instance did this seed fall on sterile ground: the next morning's "Star's" account being unmistakably that faint praise that damns. I suspected Miss

Willoughby's hand here, for she had confided to me that she often did reporting for that paper; and her strictures on Fritz's play were often severe.

She and Elsie seemed to have organized a rival "Bureau" to work against ours, and do what they could to spoil our candidates' chances. This, added to all the ordinary difficulties we were obliged to combat, seemed very unfair.

One night not long after this first game, on a day when I was regretfully unable to attend practice, Fritz came home looking unusually happy.

"Well," I inquired, "what makes you feel so gay?"

"Put Captain Hendricks out of the game for a half hour," was his reply.

"Oh, I guess I'm getting up quite a reputation. He, an old player; and I, a candidate! That's good news for our 'Bureau', eh?"

"Keep 'er up and you'll get there in spite of all opposition," said I enthusiastically.

Whether it was this incident or not that caused him to be chosen for the first outside game the "Bureau" did not take pains to enquire. The fact was enough. Now Fritz had a chance to do his best.

The game, although unimportant, save in local eyes, was largely attended. The university was determined to keep their opponents from scoring, and also to roll up a big score. The bleachers were comfortable filled, and the irrepressible color boy with his "Get your flags, get your flags and megaphone canes here" was in evidence.

When the players came into the field I recognized Fritz, owing to his peculiar head gear. He took his place as left half back, and the ball was kicked off. The intensely interested "Bureau"—both bureaus for that

matter—watched the ball course its flight directly into Fritz's outstretched arms, and he was off.

"Watch for a 25-yard gain," said I to a bystander.

The gain was called and was 22 yards. Then the ball was lost on downs and the opposition began a fierce aggression that sent the ball back, back, back with surprising steadiness until on the 5-yard line. There it was lost on downs, our "Bureau" observing very audibly that it was Fritz who had made the tackles behind the lines.

Twice the university signalled the ball into the hands of their right half-back, and twice did he fail to advance the necessary number of yards.

"If they'd pit her in the hands of that left half-back she'd go out of the dangerous territory like lightning," shouted the "Bureau" more loudly, as the crowd was screaming and yelling, as only foot-ball crowds can, for the honor of the university to be preserved.

The signal was given; finally Fritz had the ball. There was a fierce smash in the line, the interference worked like a charm, and Fritz fell on the ball with five yards covered and two to spare. This seemed to weaken the sturdy spirits of the other team. Time after time Fritz smashed through their line, making successively larger gains. Then the right half-back was given another chance, and this time he, too, proved to be a grand gainer. We won the game, making 3 touchdowns, while the visitors failed to score.

Eagerly did we pounce upon the papers next morning for accounts of the game. Fritz's name was in bold type, and he had certainly earned the honor. Even "The Star," for the first time, gave a generous estimate of his play, and we were in high glee, believing that our troubles were over and

that the opposing bureau had disbanded. Alas! reading the aftermath of "notes" we discovered the following item:

"In view of his excellent work yesterday, it is with great regret that we mention the fact that young Fritz will undoubtedly be hereafter inelligible, because of a deficiency in credits."

Could it be true? Investigation proved that it was: and here the "Bureau" was helpless.

"None of the other papers mentioned it," said I to my disheartened roommate.

"Miss Willoughby is at the bottom of that, I'll bet. She's got a pull with the Dean's family as well as the editor of 'The Star.' Hang that girl! You'll just have to brace up and make it all right, old fellow."

For the next week or so Fritz tore his hair literally as well as figuratively in the anguish of most diligent and concentrated study. The training rules for early retiring were set aside, and he worked long into the night that he might remove his conditions before the first intercollegiate game, and was successful.

It was gala day at the university when this date arrived. Everybody had purchased tickets for the game, and were ready to help the home team to victory. "Well begun is half done" applies to a foot-ball season as well as to anything else. Fritz was given a place in the line-up, and the crowd gave him a hearty glad hand. Many of those present did not know before that he had gained his credits.

His reputation as a sure ground gainer had not been allowed to dwindle during his temporary retirement by the "Bureau"; but privately I had grave doubts of his success. He had worked too hard at his studies; and I feared the effect would be noticeable in his play.

Over at one side not far from me was the other bureau. Miss Willoughby's face I could not see distinctly, but Elsie wore a troubled or anxious expression. She was worried.

I smiled grimly. In spite of their combined efforts Fritz was sure of his place on the eleven, unless he failed to keep up to his previous record.

The game was fast and furious from the start. Each side was cheered and urged on to victory. Flags waved madly from every corner; and rival college yells vied with each other for an earsplitting supremacy. During the brief intermissions for "repairs" after each mix up I was disturbed to see Fritz invariably in need of aid. He could not last the game out, apparently; and I found myself wishing heartily that he was out of it. When I glanced at Elsie her face was ashen. She realized that more than ever there was danger of his being hurt, in his wornout condition.

The crowd did not notice it, but the coaches did and I longed yet dreaded to see them take him out of the game. The "Bureau" was forgotten; and I wondered why under the sun Fritz was out there anyhow, playing against his parents and Elsie. Perhaps I was to blame! If so I was heartily sorry.

A sudden mad yell came from the throats around me. I looked up quickly and saw the University crowded hard on their 10-yard line. The other men were smashing their way to a goal. Just then their left back started around Fritz's end. Fritz cleared his interference and sprang at him behind the line. The fierce momentum of his onslaught knocked the runner down, and he dropped the ball. In a moment Fritz had grabbed it, and was off down the field like a shot with several determined men in hot pursuit.

His long, swinging legs flew with desperate rapidity. Could he make it? There was a deathly stillness. A sudden feint, then a quick swing to the right; and jerking his foot free from the impotent hand of their full back Fritz staggered across the line.

The University was wild with joy. Even Elsie's face, which my eyes sought quickly, had brightened. But what ailed Fritz? He was being carried to the side lines.

The game progressed with another player as I sought my room-mate. To my surprise the rival bureau reached him first. The doctor pronounced him merely faint from exhaustion; and in a few minutes he recovered enough to be taken home.

When Fritz had been made thoroughly comfortable in our quarters there came an awkward pause. Much was to be said, but neither Miss Willoughby nor I cared to participate in the conversation. I offered, therefore, to escort her back to the field and she accepted my invitation with alacrity.

Before leaving I whispered in Fritz's ear, "You've made the team old man. Go in and clinch matters here, too." He did not reply, but I do not think my advice was wasted, for that evening he announced that things had gone eminently to his satisfaction.

"Our bureau wasn't half bad after all, was it?" he asked. "No," said I dreamily. Then pulling myself together I added to his amazement: "The fact is, it was so entirely satisfactory that we're going to consolidate."

"What?" demanded Fritz bewilderedly.

"Miss Willoughby and myself," I answered, enjoying his surprise. "Do you think you and Elsie are the only persons on the footstool?" He made no reply.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wahaaka, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaaka, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wahaaka. The employees of the Iron Works, secretly incited by Grierson, go out on strike. Detective Griffin, left on an island by the drifting away of his boat, is rescued by Griswold. Griffin learns from Miss Farnham of her meeting with Griswold on the "Belle Julie." Griffin foils an attempt of the strikers to burn the Iron Works. Margery demands of her father that he shall help Griswold and Raymer in their trouble. On his refusal to interfere she sets in motion certain influences that bring the strike to an end. Griswold and Miss Farnham go sailing on the lake, and when a squall comes up they see the Grierson launch capsize and go to the rescue. Andrew Galbraith, one of the passengers, owes his life to their timely assistance. Margery Grierson unfolds to Griswold an inkling of the history of her life, and interrupted at a critical point in the narrative, Griswold goes away in doubt whether she is in love with him or with Edward Raymer.

XXXIII.

IT was seven o'clock when Griswold had finally fought his way out of the turmoil of conflicting doubts and distractions, and had come to some definite conclusion touching his duty. In the light of a possible misconstruction of his words by Margery there was nothing for it but to go to her and have the doubt cleared away before he should speak to Charlotte. So much honor demanded; and Griswold was not the man to shirk where honor was involved.

But when he was closing Mrs. Holcomb's front door behind him, the Grierson footman opened the gate and came up the walk with a note. Griswold stepped within to read it by the hall light. It was from Margery, and while he could not help smiling at the courageous naïveté of it, it freed him suddenly from the burden of doubt.

"You may think what you please of

me," she wrote, "but you are my one real friend in all the world. You know what no one else this side of Colorado knows about my past; honestly, I told you the worst of it; but there is one other who should know—who must know. And, oh, I can't ever tell him! Won't you please do it for me? You needn't spare me in the least, you know."

Margery.

Griswold ran up to his room, pencilled his answer on the back of her note, re-inclosing it in a fresh envelope, and hastened down to give it to the waiting footman. Then he walked quickly to the drug store at the corner and called up the Iron Works by telephone. Luckily Raymer was there.

"Going to stay a little while, Ned?" he asked.

The answer was in the affirmative, and Griswold added but a word: "All right; I'm coming over."

Fifteen minutes later Griswold dropped from a car at the railway crossing and made his way to the office of the Iron Works. Raymer was there, elbow-deep in his correspondence, but he swept the pile of letters aside when his partner entered.

"Good for you—come down to help me out have you?" he said; but Griswold shook his head.

"Not on office work, you may be sure. I gave you fair warning before the fact that I was born lazy. But I have a thing or two to say which may help or hinder. Are you game for the very roughest bit of a talk-fight that you ever got into?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"Because, to do what I have to do, I've got to be brutally frank. Tell me, Ned, are you in love with Margery?"

The abrupt question was something of a clear-sky thunder clap to Raymer, but he met frankness with frankness.

"I am, Kenneth; and I—I guess I have been for a good while."

"So far, so good. Now how much do you love her?"

Raymer's smile faded to a grimace.

"Oh, come off, old man; you mustn't toast me on a gridiron that way," he protested.

"Yet I must know," Griswold persisted. "If you can't stand the test, I'm done before I begin."

"All right; get out your crucibles and melt me down."

"Good again. Is it Margery herself, or Jasper Grierson's daughter that you are in love with?"

"If I thought you were really in doubt about that, I'd beat you," said Raymer.

"I wasn't, but I wanted to clear the way. That disposes of Jasper Grierson's million or so, and brings us down to Margery, the young woman. Now then, supposing some one should come along and tell you that this charming young woman has nothing behind her in the way of lienage; nothing on the father's side, as everybody knows, and less than nothing on the mother's as everybody has suspected. Suppose, in addition to this, that Margery herself confesses that she is lacking in all the things that Edward Raymer may demand of his wife, even to a well-equipped conscience. Would that make any difference?"

Raymer was on his feet now, tramping up and down like a baited bull. It showed his athletic figure off to the best advantage; and there was something fiercely heroic in the way he wheeled and flung up his head at the question.

"Damn it, man! I tell you I love her—love her for what she is to me. What in God's name are you driving at, anyway?"

Griswold ignored the demand. "That is all I wanted to know. Now for a little friendly hint. She has broken with her father, and needs a good, stout man to lean on. It's half-past seven, and I should think you might reach Mereside by eight, if you hurry."

Now Edward Raymer was a man self-contained and deliberate on all ordinary occasions, but at this he broke with his traditions. In a moment he had snatched his hat and was gone, leaving Griswold to close the office and to follow at his leisure.

The town clock in the court-house tower—a gift from Jasper Grierson—was striking eight when Griswold turned into the lake drive and let himself in at the Farnham gate. There were figures on the veranda, but only two. Little Miss Gilman was always shy of the night air. It was Charlotte who came to the steps to welcome him; but the doctor added his word from the depths of his great wicker lounging-chair.

"Come in, and be at home," he said. "I hope you had the good sense to take care of yourself after your wetting."

"I took a whiskey bath—external—if that's what you mean," laughed the young man, who knew the doctor's crotchets.

"That is what I meant. Get a pipe or a cigar. You know where they are."

But Griswold said he did not care to smoke, and went to sit beside Charlotte's hammock. For a time the talk drifted aimlessly as summer evening chat, with three to carry it, will. Then a boy came up the walk with a call for the doctor, and the elder rose to obey it.

"You may thank your lucky stars

that you didn't study medicine, my boy," he said to Griswold by way of leave-taking; and so he went away and left them.

"Are you glad that you didn't study medicine?" said Charlotte, when the stillness of the night had swallowed up the sounds of her father's departure.

"I don't know, I think I am glad for everything that has happened to me."

"That is an odd thing to say."

"Why is it odd?"

"Because some of the happenings must have been disagreeable, at least."

"None the less, I am thankful for every one of them."

"Why?" she asked in turn.

"Because each one has been a wheel under the train to bring me here."

"Is that a compliment?"

"No; it's the simple truth." He leaned forward and took the hand on the hammock's edge in his own and held it firmly. "Charlotte, dear, I stand to-night at the parting of the ways—no, that is not a good figure, for one of the ways is closed and I may not walk in it. The path that I shall have to tread leads down into a valley of shadows; and yet I am glad for everything that has brought me to it, because I have found you."

She sat up at that, but she did not withdraw the imprisoned hand. "Tell me," she said simply.

"Beyond the fact that I have loved and lost you, there is little to tell."

She was silent for a little space, and then she said softly, "Why do you say 'lost'?"

"You will know when I tell you where we first met."

"Where was it?" There was a great misgiving in her heart, and she could feel her lips growing cold.

"It was in the Bayou State Bank in New Orleans. You were getting a draft cashed, and I—"

"Oh, *don't!*" was all she said, but after that she sat as one suddenly turned to stone.

He did not speak until she gave him leave, and then he rose and stood beside her.

"I came here to-night to tell you this, Charlotte; to tell you that I love you, and—and to bid you good-bye; I know very well what I have done; that I have removed myself as far from you as if we lived on separate planets. But I had to tell you."

She looked up at him, and he could see that the glorious eyes were brimming.

"Once—on the boat, you remember—you said you could defend yourself," she faltered. "Can you do it yet?"

"That defence still stands for what it is worth—to me. But I know what you think about it—what you must think. So I have come to say good-bye."

She slipped quietly out of the hammock and stood before him in all her beauty.

"You are keeping something back," she said. "Tell me what it is that you are going to do."

"I am going to take the midnight train for New Orleans—to give myself up."

"Oh, no, *no!*" she cried; and her arms went about his neck as if that were the only way to hold him. "Oh, you must n't, Kenneth, for I—I love you."

He drew her closer and kissed her twice, thrice. Then he put her from him gently and groaned in the bitterness of it.

"Now God forgive me, my darling, for I have slain my love! I understand now; I went down into the pit of sin that morning, and now I have dragged you in after me. Good-bye, Charlotte. When I am gone you must go down on your knees and ask God to forgive you and give you back your con-

science. Then you will despise me as I deserve." And with that he was gone.

XXXIV.

Doctor Farnham, driving leisurely home after his evening call in the neighborhood of the Iron Works, saw a thing that made him wonder if his eye-glasses were quite as well-fitted as they might be. In a quiet street he saw a man who he made sure was Griswold stumbling along like a homing roysterer, and just behind him, dodging from tree to tree and shadow to shadow, another man who was evidently following the stumbler.

The doctor drove on, thinking he must have been mistaken as to the drunken man's identity. But he was not. It was Griswold; and when he reached the office of the Iron Works he let himself in and turned on the incandescent light, did this and wheeled quickly to confront his pursuer on the threshold of the open door.

For a fleeting half-second Griswold was startled, as any one might be. Then he saw that the incoomer was Griffin. So he greeted him guardedly, and waited to know what the late visit purported.

Griffin seemed in no hurry to explain. On the contrary he closed the door carefully behind him, snapping the catch of the night-latch as he did it, though this Griswold did not know. Next he drew down the window shade, and, wheeling out the chair from Griswold's desk, sat down to clip the end from a very large cigar.

Griswold had watched his movements, first in wonder and then with a chill frost of despair slowly freezing him. For one brief instant he glanced aside at the rifle hanging upon the wall, but he quickly looked away from it; and, to be the farther from temptation, dropped into Raymer's

pivot-chair and covered his face with his hands. It had come.

"I guess you know what I'm here for," said the detective, finally, when the big cigar was well alight.

Griswold nodded.

Griffin smoked stolidly for a full minute before he added: "I've had a devil of a time finding you; never should have found you if you hadn't gone off your head and got girl-crazy."

This time Griswold made no sign. Once again his eyes were marking the exact distance of the rifle on the wall. A silence surcharged with the electricity of possibilities settled down upon the cramped little room; and when it became unbearable the detective broke it.

"Where's the swag?" he asked briefly.

Then Griswold spoke for the first time. "It's here in this plant; the greater part of it."

"Humph! I suppose so." And then, after another silent interval; "Why the devil don't you say something?"

Griswold spread his hands. "There is nothing to say—nothing that I think of. You have run me down, and that's the end of it." But he glanced once more at the rifle.

Griffin smiled. "The gun sort o' tempts you, doesn't it? you're wondering in your mind if you could jump quick enough to get the drop on me. You can do it if you want to: I left my arsenal at the hotel and came here bare-handed."

Griswold's eyes began to grow steely. "Pardon me; but that was a very foolish thing to do, Mr. Griffin."

"Reckon so?"

"Very foolish. You lose sight of the cost of this thing which you are here to do; the cost, not to me, but to others who are innocent."

Griffin smiled again. "Hundred-thousand-dollar hold-ups are pretty

likely to be costly for somebody."

"Yes. There may have been a time when I should have given you the key to my safety-deposit box, but that time is in the past. The money is no longer in the bank; it is here in this plant, and my arrest and conviction will bring ruin upon my friend."

"Well?" said the detective.

"I was just thinking," said Griswold reflectively. "Perhaps you can help me to decide a point—you've had a good bit of experience, I take it. If a professional highwayman had robbed Mr. Galbraith last spring would any considerable portion of the—the swag, as you term it, be recoverable now?"

The detective gave an *ex parte* opinion. "Most likely not. It's easy come, easy go with that lot."

"Precisely. Then I'll make you a proposal: leave the recovery of the money out of the question, and I'll go with you peaceably and plead guilty."

Griffin laughed outright. "You're a cool one," he said. "What do you take me for?"

"For a wise man or a fool, as the event shall decide. Do you accept?"

"Not much I don't!"

"Then die!" yelled the man at bay; launching himself like a stone from a catapult on the detective.

The struggle was short and sharp, and the battle was not to the strong. Griswold was the heavier man, and he had the strength of despair to help him; but the detective was lithe and wiry, and able to match strength with a wily cunning born of many a fierce encounter with desperate men. Back and forth in the cramped office they reeled, locked in a death grip and swaying and stumbling as one man. But at the end of it Griffin broke his antagonist's hold and there was a heavy fall, with the detective uppermost.

"Had enough?" he asked; and when Griswold gave over, he rose and helped the beaten one to his feet.

Griswold set his teeth and held out his wrists for the manacles. Griffin swore gruffly and dashed the blood out of his eye. He had struck the corner of the desk in falling and the cut was bleeding freely.

"You be damned," he said. "You think you've got a lead-pipe cinch on all the soft-heartedness in this world, but you haven't. I've thrown up this job—threw it up before I came here to-night."

Griswold staggered back into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I—I don't understand."

"Don't you? Well you ought to. Reckon I've forgot the night when you stood in that door and kept them strikers from killing me? I haven't; and by — if I choose to be a man first and an officer of the law afterward, it's nobody's business but mine."

Griswold rose unsteadily, went across to the standing desk in the corner and leaned upon it with his face hidden in the bend of the arm. When he looked up again he was alone.

XXXV.

For a long time after the detective had gone, Griswold paced the floor of the small office treading out the wine-press of humiliation and defeat, and trying, as a man may under such hard conditions, to decide upon a course of action which should be fair to all, and decently fair for himself.

For a time it seemed impossible to draw any thread of sane procedure out of the revulsory tangle in which Charlotte's confession had involved him. He told himself bitterly that she had failed him at the crucial moment; that she had stepped down from the pedestal of the ideal to become a woman of flesh and blood, loving, for-

giving and condoning everything in the man to whom she had given her heart. But very quickly he was made to see the injustice of this; to see first that he had deliberately gone about to build a wall of personality around her judgment, and then, by his own confession of love, to apply a test too severe for any loving woman to withstand.

More than that, he saw that he had played the hypocrite with her even at the last moment. When he had gone to her nothing had been farther from his thoughts than a confession of his guilt. The resolve to tell her all had come suddenly, and he had yielded to the impulse on the spur of the moment. None the less, he had let her believe that it was well considered; that he had determined beforehand upon the course he had outlined in the brief farewell.

Taking it all in all, he had an exceedingly bad half-hour after Griffin left him, and out of the fiery furnace of it emerged a man altogether different from the hot-hearted proletary who had robbed the Bayou Bank. He had stood alone against the world's condemnation in that act, and had thought it defensible from an impregnable position fortified by the rights of man. But now he was made to see the act and its culpability through the magnifying glass of another's personality. He had called it a social necessity and no sin; and yet the direct consequences of it had been to destroy his ideal of uprightness—to make a pure, God-fearing woman his accomplice after the fact.

While Griswold was thus fighting his way blindly out of the darkness into the light, the net in which he had enmeshed himself was cut at the point where it was the strongest. When Doctor Farnham returned from a visit to the Iron Works neighborhood he

found his daughter waiting for him at the gate.

"Please don't get out," she said. "I want you to take me over to the hotel on the Point. Will you?"

The father cut the buggy and gave her a hand to climb up beside him. "What's gone wrong, Lottie?—anything that I may know about?"

She shook her head. "Not now, poppa dear; but I must go."

She was silent and dry-eyed on the short drive; and when it was ended, and the good doctor had waited a long half hour for her at the hotel, he drove her home and was no wiser than he had been. She had had him go in with her to send her card to Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but beyond the fact that she had been closeted for a half-hour with the white-haired banker, the father knew nothing—nor did he seek to know, having perfect confidence in his daughter.

What took place in Andrew Galbraith's sitting-room at the summer hotel was never known to any save the two who were the actors in the little drama. But when Charlotte came out, Andrew Galbraith accompanied her and put her into the buggy with her father. And she was crying a little, though not as those who weep without hope.

The old banker watched the buggy as it melted into the blackness of the driveway, and shook his head.

"There goes a woman that any man might be proud to give his name till," he said. "Now, if the young deevil has half her courage—"

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Galbraith," said the voice of the night clerk beside him. "I thought you were in your room and I sent him there."

Griswold was standing, hat in hand, in the middle of the comfortable sitting-room when the banker entered.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

"The clerk told me you were here; and I found the door open."

"Sit down," said the banker not inhospitably, drawing up his own easy-chair. But Griswold remained standing.

"No," he objected. "What I have to say may be said standing. Mr. Galbraith, did you ever see me before you came to Wahaska?"

The shrewd old face was unreadable by any, but if there was a certain glint of hardness in the eyes it was tempered by the lines about the mouth.

"You wore a beard when you were in New Orleans, Mr. Griswold," he said at length.

"Then you recognized me?"

"Not at first, you may be sure."

"I suppose not: otherwise I should be awaiting my trial in the Parish Prison."

"Is there any good reason why ye shouldn't be?" demanded the old man with a rasp in his voice.

"None at all; though up to an hour ago I should not have admitted it."

"And what made ye change your mind, I'd like to ask."

"A number of things, but chiefly this: I have come to know now that what I did that morning was wrong."

"Wrong!" shouted the banker. "Are ye clean daft, man? Was there ever any doubt about its being wrong?"

"Not from your point of view, perhaps; but if it had seemed wrong to me I should not have done it."

"You're crazy, man; clean daft, I say."

"Put it in the past tense, if you please, Mr. Galbraith. I'm in my right mind, now."

"And what cured ye, I'd like to know?"

"The fact that I found out an hour ago that I had made a good woman my accomplice after the fact. There

can be no question about the sinfulness of that, so I am here to do what I may in the way of reparation."

"Go on," said Andrew Galbraith.

"First about the money—"

It was the canny soul of the old Scotchman that groaned.

"Ye lost it, ye loon; I know all about that. Go on with your reparations."

"How did you know I lost it?" queried Griswold, no little mystified.

"Never you mind what I know or how I know it. Go on, I say."

"But I didn't lose it; or rather I lost it and found it again. Odd as it may seem to you, I have never regarded the money as my own: I have held it as a fund in trust for the good of my kind. Ninety-five thousand dollars are invested in the Wahaska Iron Works, and there are some three thousand dollars of undivided profits due on this investment. Here is a check payable to your order for my balance at the bank; \$3940.57. The Iron Works stock can be sold at par to-morrow, if you like, and that, with the dividend and this balance will make you whole again, with a small interest on the principal."

Andrew Galbraith heard him through with grim satisfaction depicting itself in the shrewd old face. "Ye're no so bad a financier," he said. "Now what's to become of ye?"

"That remains for you to say. You may go and ring for the police, and I'll wait here till an officer comes; or, if you don't care to be mixed up in it, I'll take the first train South and surrender myself in New Orleans."

"Is that all?"

"All but one thing. If you put the Iron Works stock on the market at once it will embarrass Mr. Raymer, perhaps to the point of forcing him to the wall. I have no right to ask favors of you—"

The banker sprang up and began to tramp up and down in something as nearly approaching rage as he ever permitted himself.

"Why, ye callow young fule, what d'ye think I'm made of?" he exploded. "A few hours ago you and that brave bit of a lassie—God bless her!—risked your two lives to save mine. D'ye think I'll be sending you to that leevin' death in the chain gang if ye were twenty times the crazy loon ye are?"

Griswold drew himself up. "You've got it to do, Mr. Galbraith. You must not compound a felony to save me."

"Compound your grandmither!" shouted the old man. "If you go and give yoursel' up in New Orleans, I'll go on the stand and swear I never set eyes on ye before. Then ye'll have an old man's perjury on ye're soul to answer for. Na, na, lad; they call me a hard old skinflint, but after a' I'm juist human. You've turned face about, and it's not old Andrew Galbraith who'll be piling stones in your way. Go you right away down to the doctor's and tell that brave lassie of yours what's come of it a', and to-morrow we'll see about the money-matters. Maybe I'll make up my mind to let sleeping dogs lie, and set ye up as my resident manager at your Iron Works. Go on, ye loon before I turn ye out."

Griswold went toward the door with

his brain in a whirl, but when his hand was on the knob Andrew Galbraith stopped him.

"Hold on a minute, I forgot. There's a man here by the name of Griffin; he knows who you are, and he'll be nabbing you." Griswold smiled. "No, he won't. He has thrown up the job, as he will probably tell you to-morrow."

"Thrown it up? What for?"

Griswold hung his head. "I—I was lucky enough to save his life, too. I—"

"That'll do; ye've a mission that way, it seems. Now then, be off with you."

Griswold left the room and hotel, walking as one in a dream. The dream lasted until he entered the gate at Lake Lodge, and saw a flutter of white on the high veranda.

"What have you done, Kenneth?" she asked, when he would suffer her to speak.

"I have done what I could, dear, and it is nothing—less than nothing, in the way of reparation. Oh, Charlotte, you must be my conscience, if you take me. I am but a sorry knave after all."

"A knave of conscience," she murmured; and he caught at the phrase.

"That shall be the name of the new book you are going to help me write," he said quickly, confirming it with a kiss.

And so indeed it was.

(The End)

AT THE TABLE

JUST a sweet, childish face
Holds my thoughts for to-day,
As I look at her place—
Just a sweet, childish face
Fills that long-empty space—
Little maid, where away?
Just a sweet, childish face
Holds my thoughts for to-day.

Everitt Bogert Terhune

A CENSUS PROPHECY OF A CENTURY AGO

By H. J. Lewis

ADAM SMITH, in the eighth chapter of the "Wealth of Nations," has laid down the maxim that "the most decisive mark of the prosperity of a country is the increase of the number of its inhabitants."

This being manifestly true, Professor Edward Wigglesworth, "Hollis Professor of Divinity at Cambridge," in a little pamphlet published in the portentous year of 1775, must have had a correct idea of the prosperity of this country, during the century just closing, as he predicted that the population of the "British American Colonies" in 1900 would be eighty millions.

Included in this estimate was Nova Scotia, now the Dominion of Canada, which with its last recorded census result of 4,800,000 added to the seventy-six millions of the United States, fulfils almost to the letter the accuracy of the Wigglesworth prophecy. And this somewhat remarkable forecast was not based upon any species of guess work, but upon a well-defined and clearly constructed mathematical theory, which, reduced to plain words, can be best described in the language of its author:

"The British Americans have doubled their numbers in every period of twenty-five years from their first plantation."

Taking this statistical fact as a basis for his calculation, the Harvard divinity professor constructed a system of reckoning the increase of a country's population which history has shown to be as correct as his method was simple.

Assuming that the 1775 population was two and one-half millions Mr.

Wigglesworth estimated five millions for 1800, ten millions for 1825, twenty millions for 1850, forty millions for 1875, and eighty millions for 1900; and the record of the United States Census, since its initial taking in 1790, shows substantially these figures as follows:

1800.....	5,308,000
1825....(1820)....	9,633,000
1850.....	23,191,000
1875....(1870)....	38,658,000
1900 (with Canada)	81,000,000

Said Mr. Wigglesworth in his "Calculations on American Population:"

"When we look back at the state of the colonies at the middle of the last century, and compare it with the present, we are surprised to find that our ancestors, amidst all the difficulties they had to encounter, have been able in so short a period to put a face entirely new on all the country, . . . that they have opened such an extensive commerce as is carried on from America, and that by their cultivation of the liberal arts they have a posterity of two and one-half millions enjoying all the necessities and many of the elegancies of life."

Marvelling at what Mr. Wigglesworth might say in 1900, we continue to quote:

"But to anticipate the population and improvements, at the close of the twentieth century, overwhelms the mind with astonishment."

That Cambridge man, of the vintage of 1775, well knew his limitations and endeavored, when contemplating so clearly the future of his country's

greatness, to keep himself within the bounds of a self-controlled conservatism. But it is difficult to leave Professor Wigglesworth without quoting a part of his last paragraph:

"Should this ever be the case (an adjustment of the pending difficulties between Britain and America) such an union of interest and affection would succeed as would render the two countries the envy of Europe and the glory of the world."

Another prophet of the last century, Dr. Ezra Stiles, the most renowned annalist of his time, predicted that the New England population in 1835 would reach the four million mark, an es-

TITLE PAGE OF OLD PAMPHLET: 1775

CALCULATIONS

ON

AMERICAN POPULATION,

WITH

A TABLE for estimating the *annual* Increase
of INHABITANTS in the

British Colonies :

The *Manner* of its Construction Explained :

AND

Its Use Illustrated.

BY

EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH, M. A.

HOLLIS Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

Look now toward Heaven, and tell the STARS, if thou be
able to number them. So shall thy Posterity be.

BENEDICTION ON ABRAHAM.

Let there be NO STRIFE, I pray thee, BETWEEN US ;
for we are BRETHERN. Is not the WHOLE COUN-
TRY before thee ?

ABRAHAM to his Kinsman LOT.

B O S T O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN BOYLE in Marlboro'-Street.
MDCCLXXV.

timate that fell short of the fact, as it was near to 1880 before Dr. Ezra Stiles' number was attained. In this connec-

tion it may be proper to speak, parenthetically, of the decrease of the old original stock of New England which

INTRODUCTORY PAGE OF PAMPHLET

CALCULATIONS

ON

AMERICAN POPULATION.

FROM a comparison of the most authentic estimates of the inhabitants in the several *British* colonies in *America*, taken at different times, it appears that the British Americans have *doubled* their numbers, in every period of twenty-five years from their first plantation. A rapidity of population not to be paralleled in the annals of Europe ! It has never been equalled since the patriarchal ages. This rapid population of the Americans arises, partly from the great accession of foreigners, but principally from the natural increase of the inhabitants. The reasons, why the Americans are more prolific than the Europeans, are, that they are less luxurious in their manner of living, and the means of supporting a family can be more easily

has been the theme of many writers for a generation, Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston, often referring to it, and Dr. Nathan Allen, a prolific writer on the subject of Vital Statistics, ever lamenting the decay of the New England families and pointing out causes and suggesting remedies.

It follows, therefore, that this New England increase is not native altogether, but must come from the fruitful source of immigration.

The first counting of noses on the North American continent can very well be set down as occurring on that bleak December morning in 1620, when the Mayflower Pilgrims, huddled about the fires that had been hastily lighted and with the chilling, freezing winds of Massachusetts Bay sweeping across the little promontory on which they

tion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, about 1701, wrote his "Historical Account," of that Society, and one of the features of his work was his estimate of the population of the colonies at the beginning of the year 1701, or exactly two centuries ago, and basing his computation upon his inquiries regarding the religious condition of the people. The Humphreys estimate showed a total of 262,000, which according to the Wigglesworth method of increase, doubling once in twenty-five years, would have amounted to two millions and one hundred thousand in 1775, or about where Bancroft, in his History, places it for that period.

Connecticut made an attempt to secure an accurate census in 1756 with 128,212 as the result; and Massachusetts in 1735 made a return of 35,427 male inhabitants above sixteen, 27,420 horses above three years old, 52,000 neat cattle above three years old, 13,000 sheep above one year old, and 2600 negroes.

By a partial census in 1757 New York contained 2000 houses and 12,000 people. Philadelphia's first census was taken in 1683, when eighty houses and six hundred people was the result obtained; and in 1790, a century later, the city of Penn numbered 43,525 inhabitants. New York, 1790, showed 33,131, Baltimore 13,758, New Orleans in 1810 had 17,242, Boston in 1790 returned 18,038, Charleston, S. C., 16,359, and Washington in 1810 began with 3210. Cincinnati in 1810 reported only 2540, Chicago and St. Louis had not begun to exist sufficiently to be noticed, and Providence, R. I., began this century with 7614.

Some New Hampshire statistician is responsible for the statement that in 1732 the Granite State contained twenty-five incorporated townships and parishes, 2946 rateable inhabitants, 1316 two-story dwelling houses, 606 one-

story dwelling houses, and 16,434 acres of cultivated land. But New Hampshire, when the war note sounded in 1775, had from accurate authority,

SOME OF THE RULES ADOPTED

(14)

Years.	THE TABLE.
	Amounts of UNITY.
1	1,018,11382.
2	1,057,01804.
3	1,086,73480.
4	1,117,28713.
5	1,148,69835.
6	1,180,99206.
7	1,214,19488.
8	1,248,33054.
9	1,283,4389.
10	1,319,50791.
11	1,356,60432.
12	1,394,74390.
13	1,433,9552.
14	1,474,26921.
15	1,515,71056.
16	1,558,32916.
17	1,602,13975.
18	1,647,18203.
19	1,693,49062.
20	1,741,10112.
21	1,790,06014.
22	1,840,37530.
23	1,891,1549.
24	1,943,30959.
25	2,000,00000.

By this table the number of inhabitants for any future year, the increase of any particular year, and the increase of any series of years, may readily be found.

It will be best to illustrate each of these cases by a rule and example.

RULE I.

TO FIND the present year 1775, from the year whole inhabitants are required, and if the difference is less than 25, then the present number of inhabitants must be multiplied by the figures corresponding to the number equal to such difference. The product will be the number required, and its decimal parts. Reject the eight right-hand figures, and the remaining left-hand figures will be the number of inhabitants for the year required.

80,038 people. A Boston census of 1742, December 14, resulted in the report of 16,382 people, "and 1200 widows, of whom 1000 were poor." Rhode Island's reliable counting of 1759 showed a population of 40,636—35,939 white and 4697 blacks—"chiefly Negroes excepting in King's County where are the Remains of the Narraganset Indians."

Louisiana, then a French colony, and all the known territory on both sides of the Mississippi, took something of a census in 1766 with a showing of 1893 white men, 1044 "marriageable women," 1375 boys and 1244 girls. On the color line the population was

equally divided. Maryland in 1755 reported a "very accurate census," with a population of 107,208, Philadelphia contained 31,318 people in 1769, and during the first half of August, 1773, an immigration of 3500 souls is on record at this port. About an even million was the estimate of the population of all the colonies in 1750.

Good Doctor Jeremy Belknap in April, 1795, said:

LEAF FROM OLD PAMPHLET, SHOWING PROPHECY

(22)

found for every twenty fifth year to the end of the twentieth century. And each of these duplications, being multiplied by the several lines of figures in the table, will give the amount of the Americans in the intermediate years.— Their present number being estimated at two millions and an half, their duplications will be as follows,

A. 1800—5 Millions.	A. 1925—160 Millions.
1825—10 Do.	1950—320 Do.
1850—20 Do.	1975—640 Do.
1875—40 Do.	2000—1280 Do.
1900—80 Do.	

A CAREFUL attention to the preceeding rules and examples, will be sufficient, without any more illustrations, to lead to the knowledge of the various purposes to which the table may be applied.

WHEN we look back to the state of the colonies at the middle of the last century, and compare it with the present, we are surprised to find that our ancestors, amidst all the difficulties they had to encounter, have been able in so short a period to put a face entirely new on all the country extended from Nova-Scotia to Georgia, by changing the forest into a fruitful field; that they have opened such an extensive commerce, as is carried on from America; and that by their cultivation of the liberal

"We never had anything like a census before the year 1763; and then, being an unpopular measure, it was not very accurately taken. There was another in 1776 and a third in 1784."

These last two censuses, especially the first, must have been taken under difficulties which are too obvious to

mention. But what Dr. Belknap said about this 1763 census is doubtless a correct statement, as a perusal of the history of those stirring days, when every act of the lively and pertinacious colonists sprang from the one motive of patriotism, would abundantly demonstrate. Goaded to a state of desperation by these numerous attacks on the part of the mother country to make the prosperous colonists pay a portion of the expenses of running the home country, as well as all of their own local outgoes, the exasperated people were in no favorable mood to be counted by royal command or to receive any communication from the oppressors across the water.

As late as May 2, 1765, Governor Francis Bernard of Massachusetts felt impelled to issue an order providing a fine of fifty pounds against any selectman or sheriff who failed in his duty in procuring these returns, and forty shillings was imposed upon all heads of houses who failed or refused to give the needed information.

In 1790 the thirteen states, with Vermont and Kentucky, numbered 3,894,235 people. Another item, "Western Territories," was credited with 35,691 people.

In 1900 the same territory embraced in the fifteen named states, contains a population, in round numbers, of 32,800,000. The "Western Territories" of 1790, with their meagre 35,691, have swollen to the magnificent proportions of 43,466,733. To say nothing of the wonderful development shown by this last item, the increase in the older part of the country, for 110 years, has been approximately one thousand per cent.

What will be the result in 2000 if this ratio of gain is maintained in all parts of the country? According to Professor Wigglesworth, twelve hundred and eighty millions!

MY LADY'S CHAMBER

By Octave Thanet

THE streets of the old Georgian city are wide and shady. In early April one breathes the fragrance of roses and carnations, and the exquisite flush of the azaleas gives the eye a poignant delight, while everywhere the wisteria vines are bursting into royal bloom over the stuccoed house fronts. Back of the river, in the pine woods, beyond the red clay hills, the glory of the yellow jasmine is fading. The rose leaves lie thick along the paths of the cemetery. It is on a side street, and a lazy stream of black and white faces and ancient vehicles drifts past it daily. Ten years ago my cousin, Grace Adams, and I knew the country well. Coming up from Florida we spent a month in the town.

Our Georgian cemetery has not the sumptuous foliage of the far South, nor does the Southern moss drape its oaks into ghostly sentinels, as it does in Charleston and Savannah. But it has its own placid and modest charm with its wide paths edged with japonicas and dwarf magnolias, and the luxuriance of roses which softens the outlines of its rudest tombstones. It is an old cemetery, and its streets hold a queer blending of the present, and the mildewed pomp of the past. Often generations of the same blood lie together under the rose trees.

There was one of these colonies of the dead which interested us particularly. The family cenotaph stood in the center of the yard. Two corpulent angels, in impossible drapery, wept over the family name—Asbury. All about were grouped the graves of

the dead Asburys. We came to know them by heart; the Gordons, Raphaels and Washingtons, colonels, generals or judges—palpably mighty men in their day, down to the Confederate colonel and his two sons—the Bethis, Honorias and Sallies, their wives; and the "infant children of the above," who died too soon to help or hinder the world's march, or, happy innocents, to know its griefs. Last of all, was a new name above a short and narrow mound: "Raoul Moultrie Ravenel, beloved son of Raoul and Aurora Honoria Asbury Ravenel." The little fellow was only five years old when he was "accidentally drowned" in 1864. We observed that this grave was never without flowers, so lovely that we would often pause to look at them. The first time that we thus paused is likely to abide in our memory. It was rather more than a week after our coming to the town. While we were reading the names our attention was attracted by a lady who came down a path and stopped before the iron railing about the yard. She had a slim and graceful figure, clad in deep mourning, and ungloved white hands. We noticed her hands first, then that she was walking rapidly, a circumstance to excite curiosity in the South. Apparently quite careless or ignorant of our presence, she threw back her long crape veil. We saw an oval face, pale and careworn, but retaining the traces of a vivid beauty. The black hair was brushed smoothly from her forehead, and her eyes, which seemed to search the foliage for some one, either in fear or in anxious hope, were very dark and

very sad. For a moment she leaned against the iron gate posts, her hand on her heart, with the look and gesture of one unused to exertion, who has walked too rapidly; then straightening herself she walked through the gate to the grave with the new name. She knelt down before it and drew her veil over her pale face, but under its shadow we could see her clasp and wring her hands.

"Come, Freddy," my cousin whispered, "let us go!"

Before we could turn, a man broke through the shrubbery to the right and strode past us. He was a man whom we knew, boarding in the same house. The Northern visitor sees men of his type in every southern city, thin, elderly men, erect of bearing, though they may limp a little, with their threadbare frock coats buttoned snugly about them and their gray locks curling under their old-fashioned hat brims. Our acquaintance limped, and his decent black coat was shiny at the seams from countless brushings. His face must have been handsome before care and time had chipped so many lines in it. Now it looked grim enough with the hollow cheeks and big mustache, and brows knitted together over his Roman nose. He was in such haste that he did not see us, but went by with great strides.

The woman heard the twigs crackle under his feet and sprang up. Even at our distance we perceived that she was trembling exceedingly. She laid her hand on his arm.

"You promised," the man began.

"Forgive me, Raoul," she answered. "I couldn't bear it in the house any longer, and I only came here—straight here!"

Her voice was shaken, like all the rest of her, by some strong emotion, but it was wonderfully sweet.

The man gave a swift glance about

him. Of course he saw us. He took off his hat and bowed gravely, then drawing the woman's arm within his own, he caused her to turn away. Feeling a tacit rebuke in the action—though, truly, I think none was intended—we, too, turned and hurried out of the cemetery.

There is a curve in the road where I could not resist stealing another picture of the pair. The woman was again kneeling, almost crouching over the grave, weeping bitterly, while the man stood, a little apart, his arms folded, gloomily regarding her.

Grace and I said not a word until we were beyond the cemetery walls. She spoke first. "Freddy, that was Dr. Ravenel, and can that lady be his wife?"

"I dare say," said I, "he could hardly be brutal to any other woman."

"I don't understand it," said Grace. "Certainly Dr. Ravenel isn't a brutal man."

Grace liked the doctor; for that matter I liked him myself. He was as polite as Don Quixote and almost as solemn. To women his manner was a happy blending of deference and protection; indeed, what won us most was his gentleness to all feeble creatures. He had a little daughter whom he visibly adored; a dainty little maid of ten, whose cloud of shining hair was continually flinging itself over his shabby black shoulder. Grace had a fancy that it seemed to illumine a gloom which hung about the man, making him seem older than he was, he being really only 45, though he might have passed for 60. Notwithstanding the gloom, he was not unsocial; in a sedate way he seemed to enjoy conversation, and was accustomed to embroider his own discourse with flowers of poetry, English and Latin, which latter he always kindly translated "for the ladies." Judging

from his coat, his practice could not be very large, but he was highly praised as a physician, and he saved Grace, cleverly, from an attack of pneumonia. By a week's end we were so familiar that he was addressing Grace as "Miss Grace" and me as Fredrica (my name is Winnifred,) and using quite a fatherly benignity to us both. And now to have to make over this amiable being into a domestic tyrant—it was most distasteful.

We both felt out of spirits when we reached our boarding-house. Ten years ago Miss Sally Asbury's house stood on the main street, in a prim and spacious garden, which looked like nothing so much as the flowery demonstration of a geometrical problem, with its broad paths of shining white sand defining the triangles and squares and circles of geraniums, gillyflowers and pansies. The house itself was a fine old stuccoed mansion, with a Grecian portico. Inside, the rooms were big enough for a ball, and each room had a royal fireplace, where the "light-wood" of the region made a mighty crackle and blaze. Age had softened gaudy carpets and wallpaper to a harmonious dinginess. It was an altogether delightful house, and Miss Sally—so every one called her in the the kindly Southern fashion—was a delightful landlady. She was a comely gentlewoman about 40—what matter on which side of the line? Her soft, thick hair was gray, but her fresh complexion, bright eyes and fine carriage

made people turn and look at her in the street. Miss Sally wore black, but there was nothing pensive about our friend. She loved a joke and told a good story and frankly enjoyed pretty



"There is a curve in the road where I could not resist stealing another picture of the pair."

clothes and compliments. Best of all, to us, Miss Sally was a famous house-keeper of the old Southern school. Candor compels me to state that the frying-pan played a leading part in the Asbury kitchen, and we, certainly, had more hot bread than was good for our

health; but the dishes were delightful to the palate whatever they may have done to our digestions.

Miss Sally's mother lived with her, a pretty, faded little woman, always wrapped in a shawl and shivering, but having some dregs of cheerfulness left. There were ten boarders beside. Of these all were Northerners save the Ravenels. Possibly that was why the Ravenels interested us; though I think it was more because, for some reason, Mrs. Ravenel always kept her room. The Ravenel rooms were at the end of the hall. Dr. Ravenel, the child, and Tempe, Mrs. Ravenel's maid, came and went. Each morning, after breakfast, Miss Sally might be seen going in with a nosegay in one hand and a silk dusting cloth in the other. Half an hour later she would reappear, retaining the duster but having left the nosegay. The Ravenel doors never stood ajar, and beyond the low murmur of voices, or an occasional whiff of camphor, we had no hint of existence behind them. I say never, never until this very day. Passing through the hall I saw a door open. It was the door through which Miss Sally used to enter. I had what the photographers call a three-quarters view of an old Southern bed-room. An involuntary journey of the eye brought me back the limp sweep of worn lace curtains, the dull gleam of the mahogany bedposts and the twisted legs of a writing-desk, the faded roses on the chintz-covered chairs, the dim richness of the velvet carpet.

"It must have been my Lady's chamber," said I to Grace, "but where was she?"

In point of fact she was then on the way to the cemetery, which we, being faster walkers, reached first. I have related how we saw her.

We took a long walk before we returned. When we entered the gar-

den Dr. Ravenel and his wife were standing with Miss Sally before the azalea bushes.

Miss Sally introduced Mrs. Ravenel to us, saying: "Cousin Ro is so much better; she's been taking a walk. I expect now we've got her back we'll keep her with us."

Mrs. Ravenel gave me a quick look, which I fancied held something like an appeal in its recognition. "I saw you in the cemetery, Miss Lawrence," said she, "and your friend. I went there; Doctor was scared. I haven't been able to leave my room till to-day, and he was afraid I'd overdo, but—but I couldn't stay away any longer. It's my little boy's grave, you understand." The eyes which she lifted to mine were swimming in tears.

I felt very sorry for her, but it was decidedly awkward. It was a relief to perceive the Doctor limping over to us.

"My dear," he said, "don't you think you had better retire? You look fatigued. You see, Miss Fredrica, I keep watch on Mistress Ravenel in a double capacity, both as husband and physician."

"Very well Doctor," said Mrs. Ravenel meekly. "You know best."

She made me a little old-fashioned salute as she walked away on her husband's arm.

"How pretty she is!" I said to Miss Sally who was looking after them, a shade on her cheerful face.

"Well, yes, ma'am, I think so, of course," she answered with a pleased smile, "but we are just like sisters, you understand." Then she added: "Cousin Ro is very delicate; we have to be careful of her."

Safe in our own room, Miss Sally gone, we discussed the Ravenels. I quite frankly said that I thought them a queer couple. "What is the matter with her?" said I. "Why do they make such a row about her

leaving her room? Why is she so afraid of her husband? It is my opinion that our fine-mannered doctor is a tyrant."

"Wait a while," said Grace. She prides herself upon her judical way of viewing things. She inherits it just as she inherits her tall figure and straight nose and beautiful brown eyebrows."

"But you have an opinion," said I.

"Not yet," said she.

After this we saw a good deal of Mrs. Ravenel. She appeared at dinner and to tea—which was a sort of supper with all manner of hot dishes. The doctor was very courteous to her. Grace, who would not hear a word against him, maintained that his manner to her was perfect; but I perceived one thing directly—he was watching his wife. Scores of times I caught him stealing glances at her. Grace might call them glances of affection. They were nothing of the kind; he was watching her. Poor woman, she was never alone. Miss Sally or Madame Asbury or Tempe were always at her elbow. "Ro's such an invalid she needs some one always with her," Mrs. Asbury would say with a sigh.

"She seems such a sweet woman," I ventured to remark once, "but so sad."

"Yes ma'am," said Mrs. Asbury; "she is sad. And no wonder, Ro's had heaps and heaps of trouble!"

"Her little boy's death was a great sorrow I suppose!"

"The worst of all. Yes ma'am. You know he was drowned. It happened during the war. Doctor was at the front and had been wounded. Sally and I went to nurse him and we had

got him well enough to move and were bringing him home. Oh, Miss Lawrence, the first sight his eyes fell on as we drove through the gates of the old plantation was the men bringing the little dripping body to the house. The poor child had been out with his ma, and strayed away and fell into the well. Such an awful scene! Ro took on awfully, screaming so you could hear her out doors, but Doctor he hardly spoke. But it broke his heart all the same, and when the other troubles came and they lost everything he hardly seemed to notice. Of course, all Doctor's South Carolina property went (he's from South Carolina, you know) and, then Ro's property, too. She was a great heiress, but they had to sell everything to pay the mortgages when the war was over. They clung to the old mansion for a long while; but at last that had to go too. The few thousands they got over the mortgage is all they have. Doctor gave up his profession after his marriage because it took him away from home too much. Now he has taken it up again, but he has only been in town a little while, and people don't want a doctor out of town. We begged him to come here where we could look after him, see he had good, hot meals and keep his clothes in order, for poor Ro's such an invalid she can't see to anything. I assure you, ladies, she needs somebody to look after her the whole enduring time, she does so, poor child. She was raised that way, not to know how to pick up her own handkerchief. Such luxury and such reverses! It is hard for us poor mortals to understand; but no doubt it is all ordered for good."

(To be continued)



THE DAY THE BILL FAILED

By Walter Williams

THE Member from Lawson county leaned over his desk. A dwarfish page took from the legislator's hand a roll of type-written manuscript and hurried to the Speaker's stand.

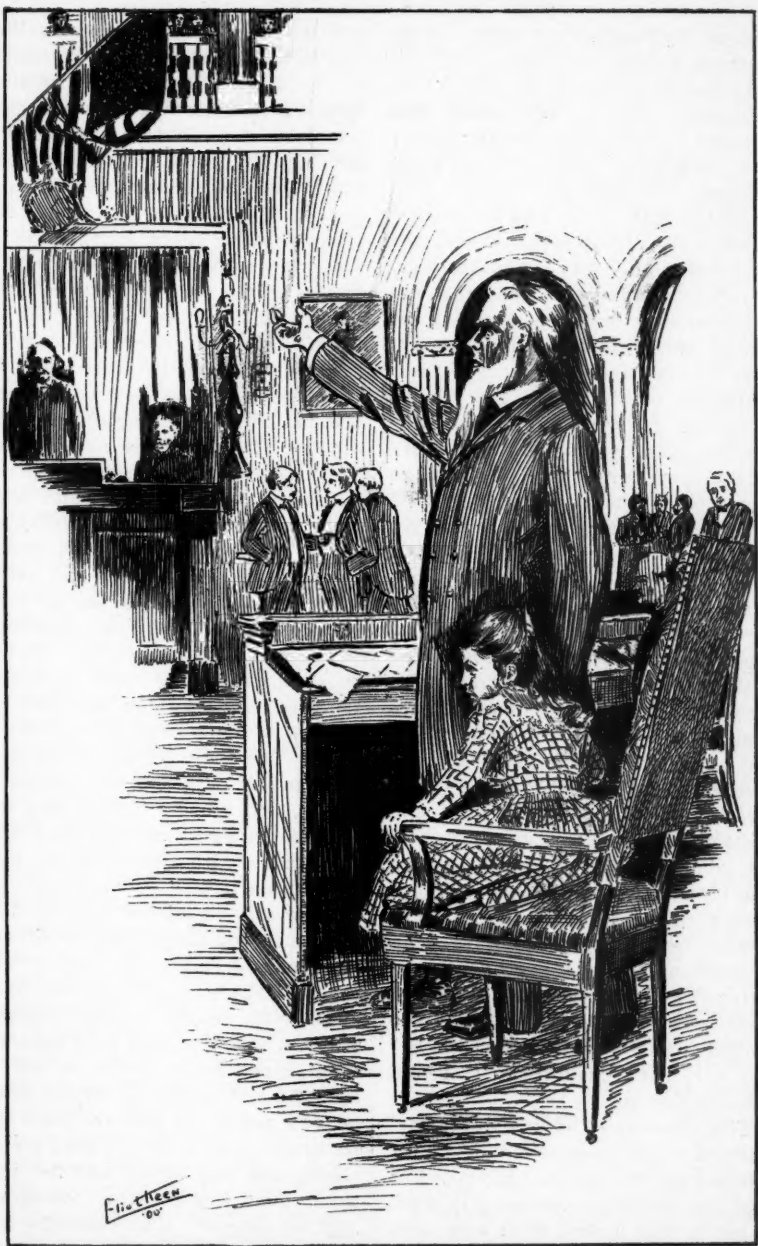
"The clerk will report the bill," said the Speaker.

"House Bill, No. 243. An Act to Extend the Franchise of the Southern Railway Company and for other purposes." The clerk's voice, which had grown wearisome with its monotony that morning, thrilled with new force. Members looked up from the piles of letters on their desks. Beyond the railing which separated these members from the outside world a little man with a face like the stone bluffs upon which the Capitol stands rubbed his hands. It was the famous Franchise Bill about which the press had talked so long and the people so bitterly. It meant an extension of the Southern Street Railway's special privileges for half a century. Its passage meant millions of dollars revenue to the company's stockholders. The little man who rubbed his hands was Colonel Bob Keeps, the general solicitor of the company, or as some opposition papers said, its chief lobbyist.

The Fortieth General Assembly of the state had been in session nearly a month. It had been known for nearly a year that the Franchise Bill would be presented. In some districts it had entered into the campaign. Representatives had been chosen on the issue. Colonel Keeps was not pleased that his road and its bill should be made an issue. He said it hurt his business. There had been no trouble

of this sort in Big Piney county. There William McDonald had been elected without opposition. The people of Big Piney county knew William McDonald. Had he not been sheriff and collector and general politician for years? What if he did belong to "the court house ring?" He was honest through and through his raw-boned body, and the people trusted him. When he went to the capitol and the Franchise Bill was suggested the people of Big Piney had no fear. Bill McDonald would vote all right—but the people of Big Piney county did not know Colonel Keeps. His smooth ways were not taken into consideration.

Colonel Bob Keeps was the oldest lobbyist in the state. He always attended the sessions of the General Assembly whether he had any pet measures to advance or not. He had rooms at the Powers House, an old-fashioned hotel under the hill. Here only the old-timers stopped, the newer generation going to the more conspicuous Jefferson Hotel nearer the capitol. Colonel Bob was a valuable representative of his railroad. He was valuable to the representatives also. He spent \$50,000 some sessions of the General Assembly, and his pass book was always open, to oblige a friend—who was a member of the legislature. William McDonald was introduced to Colonel Bob within a week after he came to the capitol. A mutual friend, the Honorable James Johnson, presented him. Mr. Johnson had served in the House before. He knew the ropes. The session was not two weeks old when Colonel Bob decided that



"... And so here, Colonel Keeps, is your watch, and Mr. Speaker, I vote no."

William McDonald was needed. Votes counted, and his vote particularly.

In Big Piney county there were no railroads, only a stage coach that dragged its way in snail-fashion across the Ozark hills. And everybody knew William McDonald was honest. One could tell that by the way he clinched his fists. No dishonest man ever closed his hand in that way. And his face, an open book to friend and foe, told the same story of rugged integrity. It would strengthen the bill immeasurably to have the Honorable William McDonald of Big Piney county favor it. How to accomplish this was another question and knottier. There was his ever ready check book of course, with checks drawn to "self" and paid for "sundries." It was yet too early in the session to begin that.

And William McDonald—was he that kind of a man? Colonel Bob Keeps did not think so. If any one knew, Colonel Bob would know. The little green book that he carried in his inside vest pocket and guarded with zealous care contained a roster of the representatives. After each name appeared letters and characters like a Greek fraternity roster. These told whether or not the member was honest, who could "reach" him and what was his market price. The little green book would pull down many political houses and shatter many precious reputations if it fell into hostile hands. After the name of William McDonald were two letters, "D. H." Colonel Bob smiled at his own cleverness. "D. H." did not mean dead-head. It meant Deuced Honest.

The Honorable William McDonald boarded at the home of a widow, over a mile from the capitol. His wife had died the year before and his only child, a girl of five years, with eyes that matched the Italian sky and hair that had caught the sunlight in its tresses,

was with him. The Honorable William McDonald's heart was wrapped up in the child. If the little creature smiled in the morning he was in good humor all day. If the tears stood in her big blue eyes, he was downcast and depressed. Sometimes he took her to the Capitol with him. She climbed on his knees, scribbled on the stationery on his desk and snapped her fingers at the diminutive pages. She winked and blinked and nodded all the afternoon until her eyes closed and she went to sleep, her head upon the faded yellow of the Revised Statutes and her little feet tangled up in the depths of the capacious waste basket. The Honorable William McDonald was a favorite in the House, and Mary McDonald more so. Mr. McDonald could not understand when people cared for him. He could not understand when people did not care for Mary. This attention bestowed upon her he took as simply her due. To him she was everything lovely and that there could be anyone who did not agree with him passed his comprehension. The little gifts she received were to her father only a matter of course, and, if some bright day, the General Assembly had adjourned to go on a picnic with Mary, it would have pleased him immensely, but would not have greatly astonished him.

Colonel Bob Keeps observed all this from his seat in the left gallery. He smiled. The scar on his cheek deepened with delight. The colonel's enemies said that this scar appeared a glowing dollar mark when he laughed, and a hissing serpent when he grew angry. It took the place of a barometer, the colonel's enemies declared, and told which way the colonel's mind was drifting, toward delight or disgust. The colonel's face turned back to stone again. He thought. With Colonel Bob Keeps

thought was only another word for action—a kind of preface to doing. Five minutes later a telegraph messenger boy ran up the steps of the telegraph office with this message:

"Mrs. Robert Keeps, Tomkinsville. Come at once. Bring Sallie. R. K."

It was not often that Colonel Robert Keeps called Mrs. Keeps to the capitol. She was a quiet little body who enjoyed nothing so much as her home in Tompkinsville and her circle of friends there. Never before had he been compelled to bring to his assistance Sallie, the eight-year-old daughter, who danced through the parlors of the Tomkinsville house, a restless sunbeam with braided hair. Colonel Bob acknowledged only one superior in the world, and that was Sallie. Mrs. Keeps bent like a willow under his glance and obeyed his slightest wish without a word. Sallie smiled when he frowned, laughed when he stormed and when he commanded what she did not approve, carried on an insurrection that was always successful.

It took Colonel Keeps only three days to arrange a friendship between Sallie and Mary McDonald. The children met one morning in the House lobby. Mary gave the newcomer half an apple and the two were sworn friends. Colonel Keeps rubbed his hands. The scar grew more and more like a dollar mark.

The next day the girls played together at the home where the member from Big Piney county boarded. Two days later Sallie Keeps gave a party and the guest of honor was Mary McDonald. The intimacy continued. Never a day passed that the little ones were not in each other's company. The member from Big Piney county grew more kindly disposed toward the chief lobbyist. "No man can be wholly bad who thinks as much of his daughter as Bob Keeps does." He walked

from the Capitol with the lobbyist. The Franchise Bill was not mentioned. He repeated the walk. Not a word about the bill. Finally, after several weeks, Colonel Keeps began a conversation in a quiet way. It was on the main street. The chief lobbyist had a theory that the best place for secrecy was in sight of all the public. "No one thinks matters are secret that are talked of on the public street. It is only when there is hiding away behind closed doors and in back alleys that suspicion is excited."

"I bought my little girl a small present yesterday," began Colonel Keeps. "The store-keeper offered me two at a bargain, and so I purchased the second one also. I would like to have you give it with my compliments to Mary."

The small present was a lady's watch, gold, and diamond-studded.

The Honorable William McDonald had never seen in his whole life anything quite so handsome or costly. But it was not too handsome or costly for his "midget", he said to himself. Nothing could be that. So he took the watch with gratitude and no misgiving.

"Step number one," murmured Colonel Robert Keeps as he bade the member from Big Piney county good evening. The next step followed quickly. "Mr. McDonald," said Colonel Keeps a few days later, "I am interested as you know in the passage of the Franchise Bill. I want your help. Its passage means a cool hundred thousand dollars to me. Its defeat means the loss of my position, bankruptcy and ruin. You are an honest man. I would not insult you with a bribe. There are no railroads in Big Piney county. The bill will not affect your people. But it means much for me. It means the support and comfort of Sallie, of my wife, of myself. Would you vote for it for my sake and my daughter's?"

"If Sallie's papa wants you to go for him, go, daddy," said a little girl, climbing up on the gray-beard's lap. It was Mary. And before the member from Big Piney knew what he said, if he said anything, Colonel Keeps had replied quietly: "I knew you would, and I am very, very grateful."

The vote was needed. When the bill was sent to engrossment, it had not one to spare. When the test came on final passage, every member was present. The opponents of the franchise fought it in every possible way. Motion upon motion was employed to amend, to postpone, to refer. The member from Big Piney county voted with the friends of the measure every time. But all the while his conscience smote him. He went out in the lobby. "I wish to be relieved of my promise," he said to Colonel Keeps. The lobbyist smiled. He felt he had the member in his power. "Of course, if you desire. But if you do, I must be permitted to explain that you accepted a bribe from me in the shape of a diamond-studded watch for your daughter, and then broke your agreement."

The old man winced as though struck in the face. Bribed! He! William McDonald! He went slowly back to his seat. The clerk was calling the roll on the final passage of the bill. The member from Big Piney did not vote on the first roll-call. He would wait until the absentees were called. There were sixty-nine votes for the measure. Two more were needed. "The clerk will call the absentees," said the Speaker, as he brought the gavel down with a crash. Colonel Bob Keeps in his seat on the left gallery rubbed his hands. The two votes were certain. Burton, for whom he had paid \$250 and held a receipt, was now in his seat, and there was McDonald. The barometric scar reddened with the stamp of the mint. McDonald's

teeth shut as a vice does. The roll call went on. Burton voted aye.

"McDonald of Big Piney."

There was a moment's hush. The house expected the vote that would pass the bill and saddle the law for fifty years upon the state. The member from Big Piney rose slowly to his feet. He looked like a giant.

"Mr. Speaker!" His voice trembled with excitement.

"Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Big Piney must remember that debate is not now in order," said the Speaker.

"What does the fool mean?" thought Colonel Keeps, and up in the left gallery he rubbed his hands—but slowly.

"I do not wish to debate the bill, Mr. Speaker. I only want to say—" he stopped a moment and gasped for breath. No eye looked elsewhere than at McDonald.

"I promised I would vote for this here bill. A man, that man," pointing toward the lobbyist, "gave my baby girl this thing." He stopped, gazed into the child's face a minute—an hour it seemed to the crowd that leaned hard forward and held its breath. He kissed her full on the mouth, unlocked the watch chain and the watch, held them up a moment—"And I promised out of friendship for him and his, and love of her to vote for the bill. I know now I was a fool, a blasted fool, and he was only trying to buy me with this. And so here, Colonel Keeps, is the watch, and Mr. Speaker, I vote no."

The member from Big Piney county sat down. Nobody heard further calling of the roll. The applause rolled through the hall like waves upon a clamorous sea. Mary McDonald climbed upon her father's lap and nestled her head in his long gray beard. In his seat in the left gallery Colonel Bob Keeps stopped rubbing his hands. The bill had failed.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By Louis V. Jefferson

BOBBIE was a chubby little fellow of 'doin' on sith', as plump and fat as they make them in the fairy-books, and he had the greatest love for good things to eat that ever a small boy could have. There was only one thing he liked more than pie, he told mamma, and that was more pie—"an', Oh yes, an' you, an' papa an' Dod an' 'e drocery man;" and in this season of Christmas sweets he was in his perfect element, spending the whole day in his mother's confectionery-shop, stuffing his little stomach with the figs and apples and ginger-cakes that went to make such a brave display in her show case.

Bobbie's mother had not much time to give to him during the rush of the holiday trade, for what with the sweetmeats and the toys and the trinkets she had to sell, and the clamoring children of the neighborhood who came to buy she was a very busy woman, so she simply let him have his way; glad that his interest in other thing kept him from worrying her.

By Christmas eve Bobbie had eaten until his jaws ached and there was nothing left in his world of imagination or the toy-shop that could tempt him to take a bite. Still he was not happy, for while all the other little children were hurrying home with their mystic, magic bundles of all shapes and sizes, and with eyes sparkling in the hope of 'to-morrow', Bobbie leaned weakly against the wall behind the mixed-candy barrel, crossed one foot over the other, twirled his thumbs and shook his head sadly, while a blue film gathered over his

eyes—and his stomach spake within.

Thus for a long time he stood. Mamma said he was pouting, when she called for him at supper time and he did not respond. Pouting, indeed! He twirled his thumbs the faster and looked darkly at the sack of half-eaten figs. Overhead on the shelf of mechanical toys a talking doll dressed as a harlequin squeaked at him and made him angry. O, how he hated that doll! How he hated everything. He would not stand it! He would not be the laughing-stock of wooden toys nor the butt of his mother's misunderstanding. He would run away. He would crawl under the bed and hide there—and he did.

Fifteen minutes later mamma came upstairs and found his little feet sticking out from beneath his crib, and as she drew his limp form out and kissed the tear-stains from his cheeks she wondered what sorrows had troubled her baby-man. She gently undressed him and slipped on his flannel gown and tucked him away amid the sheets. He did not speak, though he wanted to. He longed to kneel at her feet and throw his arms about her neck and tell her of the fact that there was a rat in the sack of figs, but he only gulped back a sob and turned his face toward the wall and wept.

Presently, when his mother had gone back to her work, a dark thought came to him. Revenge! Ah-h, revenge! The harlequin had laughed at him! Good! he would show that mean old thing how to squeak and squeak! He would show him, he guessed. He would'n't stand it! Not

he! Faster his eyes blinked and his breast rose and fell to the regular pulsing of his lungs. He lay still for a moment, trying to think just what he would do to the wretch that would hurt the worst. He had just about decided to stuff him with figs when he fancied he heard again that laughing squeak from down in the shop, and with a bound he hopped out of the crib and scrambled down the stairs to the little shop door.

As he opened it the queerest sight imaginable confronted him.

All the dolls and toys had climbed down from their respective shelves and had gathered on the top of the glass show-case, where they strolled about like society-leaders between dances on a ball-room floor. Around the edges of the shelves they had arranged great rows of Christmas-tree candles that burned in multi-colored flame. The Christmas tree over in the corner (the only one that had not been sold) had been hauled out and stuck up in a cheese-box, and the walking-dolls were busy stringing it with ornaments and pop-corn strings and pretty things. Bobbie paused for a moment until his eyes could become accustomed to the glare, and then he slid to his place behind the candy-barrel and sat down silently on the sack of figs, only to rise again suddenly as the rat within gnawed through and pressed its little cold nose against his hand.

Nobody noticed him. They were holding high revel and their minds were far above the children of earth. Everybody spoke at once. There was a perfect babel of voices. Suddenly one doll, with cymbals on his hands, stood up and clapped them together. "Choose your partners for a quadrille," he cried. A little boy doll, dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy, bowed low before a red-cheeked milk-maid doll, with a milking stool under

her arm. The elephant stepped on the box of the little old man to hear him "speak." Bobbie had pressed that self-same box many a time, but never before did the little man wail so lustily, "Get off o' my corns! I'm not a door-mat." Just then there was a great blast on the five-cent horns and a flourish on the ten-cent horns, and the doors of Noah's Ark opened and all the boarders came forth. Bobbie knew they were boarders by the way the ladies wore their hair.

First came Noah, and Bobbie knew why it was he had lasted so long; these many thousand years—he was such a "stick;" and then came Mrs. Noah, who walked as though she had a wooden leg or a reputation at stake. In all her movements there was a woodey suggestion as if she *would* do something if she only could. Then followed Miss Lobelia Noah, who was evidently quite a shining light in Mount Arrarat circles; then Shem, Ham and Japeth. It was a splendid looking family, and as Bobbie gazed he thought they carried themselves with much grace. There was quite a buzz of conversation while the gentlemen-dolls clustered about Noah and the lady-dolls gathered about Mrs. Noah, examining her carved lace bolero with its sky-blue fringe of pine-splinters, or felt the peg-stitching on Miss Lobelia's golf skirt, and marveled how smooth it hung in the back.

Once again the cymbal-doll clapped his hands and cried out, "Choose your partners for a quadrille!"

Everybody was growing enthusiastic, and there was much hurrying too and fro when there came a sudden rapping on the door.

Peeping over the top of the candy-barrel Bobbie, to his horror, beheld the door open and a great big turkey-gobbler strut in. One wild glance and he recognized the turkey his mother had

had cooped up in the yard for a week and which he, Bobbie, had at intervals between stuffing himself, stuffed with no gentle fingers, preparing for the great Christmas feast.

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" growled the turkey, and the talking ceased.

"Gobble! gobble! gobble! Has anybody seen a little boy around here lately? His name is Bobbie, and I want him bad!" and his red comb shook and his little green eye sparkled evilly as he looked about the room. Bobbie was frozen to the spot. Catching a glimpse of his night-gown behind the barrel, the turkey swooped down on him and pulled him out. For an instant there was perfect silence as the dolls beheld the intruder. Then such a babble of yells as you never heard. "Pinch him! Pinch him! Pull his hair! Tickle his feet!" and they swarmed down the show-case and danced about him on the floor. "Hit him in the stomach and make him speak!" cried the talking-doll. "He did me that way!" "Step on his toes and make him squeak!" put in the little man with the corns. "He did me that way." "Wind him up and make him go!" "Make him play horse!"

"Oh, I tell you!" cried one of the dolls who had been busy decorating the tree. "I need a cherub to put up in the top of the tree. Let's put him up there and then dance around him like he does around us on Christmas day!"

"All right!" and the cymbal-doll clapped his hands and shouted: "Choose your partners for the dance!"

So they hung him up, and if he didn't look like a cherub it wasn't his fault. It was about the only thing he felt he didn't look like. Then they clasped hands and danced about him, and while the cymbal-doll clapped his hands, happy in having at last started a dance, they sang:

*"Oh Bobbie, Oh Bobbie, what makes you so fat?
A piece of cornbread and the tail of a rat!
There was a little cherub a-hanging on a limb!
He wouldn't look so bad if he had any clothes
on him!"*

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! I've had enough of this!" cried the turkey. "I move we stuff him and have him for Christmas dinner. I'm hungry. What do you say?"

"Oh, let's!" and in a jiffy they had him down and lying on his back, and while some of them ran about the shop gathering the things with which to stuff him, the others knelt on his chest or danced on his stomach or poked their fingers in his mouth until he couldn't breath for eating. The gobbler stood at his head, and every now and then would give him a vicious peck. "Give me some more figs! Get me some dried apples. Pour some water down his throat and watch him swell! He did me that way. Where's the peanuts? Eat the peanuts and feed him the shells! He did me that way! Where is the cake? Put some cake crumbs up his nose and see if he will sneeze. He did me that way! Stuff! Stuff! Stuff!"

They stuffed him with candy, and they stuffed him with figs. They stuffed him with cake and raisins. They stuffed him with apples and poured gallons of water down his throat. After that the turkey took him in hand. "Now we will garnish him," he said, "and serve him up in style." So they put sprigs of sage in his little tow-head, and curly white celery tops between each of his pink little toes. They put sliced egg on his knee-joints and cranberries in his ears, and right on the dimple in the middle of his stomach they laid a slice of lemon and three salted almonds, and then stood back and smacked their lips. Poor Bobbie! Lying on top of a box of oranges,

garnished for the feast as he had so often seen turkeys garnished for his delectation, he was indeed a sorry sight.

"All come to dinner!" cried the turkey. "Father Noah, will you say grace? Miss Lobelia, will you have some white or some dark meat?" Bobbie's flesh trembled as he waited for the knife that the old turkey held poised above him.

"Oh, thank you. I'm not particular. Anything, if you please," said Miss Lobelia.

"Give me the wish-bone!"—"Gim me th' drum stick!"—"I'll take the funny-bone. I want to see what makes him laugh!" All passed their plates at once. The turkey tucked his napkin more firmly beneath his chin, reached down, grasped Bobbie by the foot, tickled it stealthily on the sole and—then fell sprawling.

With a mighty shriek Bobbie was up and striking out right and left. Gone

was the egg upon his knee; gone the lemon and the almonds, and beneath the table in a huddled mass the frightened dollies lay; and then—and then—he opened his eyes and fell forward on his mother's breast.

"Why Bobbie!" she said. "What's the matter with you? You seem to be having a terrible time. Have you eaten too much? Here, I'll just give you a little paregoric, and that will make it easy. Poor little cherub—"

Bobbie started back at the word, and then looked up to see if she was laughing. She was not. He turned to see once more the toys and dolls, but they had gone and in their place was the tumbled clothes of his little crib. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head and whispered to his mamma, "T'se dot 'e stummit-ache. I dess I'se been eatin' too much," and she answered:

"Poor little fellow. I guess you have."

THE PASSING CENTURY

FROM Eternity with greeting
Came he to the sons of men.
Now behold his steps retreating
To Eternity again.

Nineteen Christian Centuries massing
Time hath marshaled; and the last
All his peers in fame surpassing
Joineth soon the storied Past.

Forth he goes with memories tender,
Gracious gifts and faults that mar,
Hastening his account to render
At stern History's Judgment Bar.

Buried epochs rise to meet him,
Praise and plaudit fill his ears,
Saints and heroes throng to greet him,
Envoys of the Elder Years.

Fruitful Industry is flinging
Myriad trophies at his feet,
Learning, Science, Art, are bringing
Garland for the victor meet.

O'er them all one laurel noted
High above his brow is set,
To his loftiest fame devoted
This unrivalled coronet.

Raise the shout and fill the flagon
For that hour of manly prime
When he met and slew the dragon,
Crushed forever Slavery's crime.

Yet no idle exultation
Doth with pride his bosom swell.
Nor may strains of self-laudation
Trumpet-tongued his triumphs tell.

But in counsel and prediction
See the aged Century wait,
Hand outstretched in benediction
Toward the knocker at the gate.

"One about to die saluteth
Thee the latest child of time.
Sacred task to thee imputeth,
That shall make thine age sublime.

"Nigh two thousand years have vanished
Since the primal Christmas morn,
Yet hath warfare not been banished,
Peace on Earth is still unborn.

"Twentieth Century, may thy mission
Bid the noise of battle cease,
Bring to pass the Prophet's vision
Of the Promised Age of Peace."

Mary Hall Leonard

CHRIST IN THE PEASANT'S HOUSE



From a painting by Fritz von Uhde

THE FESTIVAL SPIRIT IN ART

By E. Valise

HAIL gladsome season of Holy Days!—hail to those phases of the season of cheer exemplified by art wherever found—art in the palace or in the cot—in the forest or in the open—art upon the Stage—art in the shadow of ten thousand belfries—art in canvas touched and awakened into splendid color by the hand of genius.

The season of Festivity and of its twin sister, Hospitality, has always appealed to artists. Just as the Roman drama is said to have had its rise in the festivities of the rustic youth, so it is true that many glorious canvasses, ancient and modern in sentiment, have been resultant

from history's feasting days—some splendid ones, indeed, by poor, hungry painters who never lived to experience for themselves anything approaching the satiety in which they revelled on canvas.

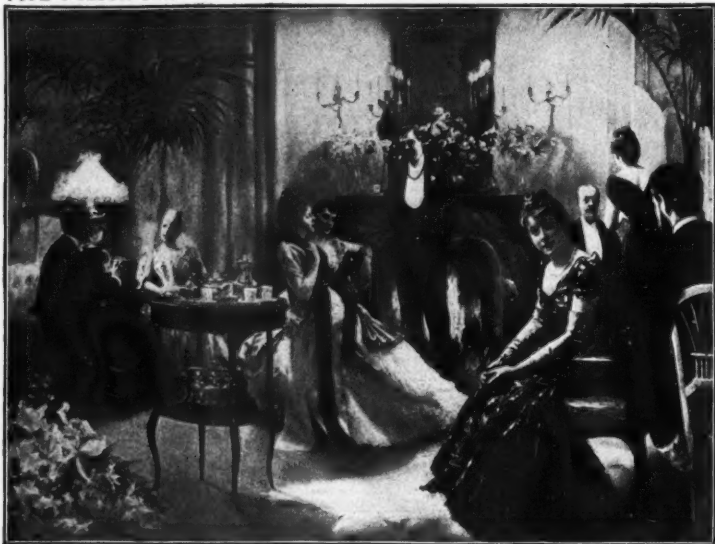
A grand theme for a painter some day, would be a New England Christmas table scene—in the early part of the nineteenth century, for instance, when wide, old-fashioned fireplaces, with side-settle and back-log and crane-hanging and warming-pan comforts were the order of the day: when, as also at Thanksgiving, all the members of the family come together to the home fireside—when the live-

oak ceiling-timbers rang and rang again with Yule-tide cheer.

The one for whom the years' greatest Holy Day was named, will, as in

wide sweep of the centuries is described in turning from this to J. L. Stewart's "Five O'clock Tea," which so well exemplifies the spirit of social

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA



From a painting by J. L. Stewart

ages past, inspire the artist as long as the world shall last. From the baby in Mary's improvised cradle in Bethlehem down to the cruel cross on Calvary, each step of His life has been painted again and again.

The poetry expressed in Fritz Von Uhde's great canvas, "Christ in the Peasant's House," most suitably expresses the Christmas sentiment of all the pictures appropriate to Christmastide. Has reverence, (not unmixed with awe,) humble adoration and simple, lowly faith, ever been more impressively painted? The treatment of the theme is distinctly Belgianesque, but it is also full of tender, religious sympathy, and the power of a sublime and trustful faith.

A vivid contrast is afforded and a

festivity. The breath of flowers, an orchestra wholly hidden somewhere, save as to soft strains of music, and fashion's chatter, perhaps, also, is suggested by this wealth-interior. It is this kind of festivity, so common among the opulent, which renders the glad Christmas less impressive to them than it ever is among the poorer classes. So it has its place, also, as an influence affecting universal Christmas cheer.

This scene melts away as Sir Frederick Leighton's superb canvas "Daphnephoria," Royal Academy, 1876, appears. Every ninth year, we are told, a procession was formed in honor of Apollo, to commemorate the Theban victory over Arne. It was headed by an appointed priest called "Daphnephoros." In the picture a part of it

moves through the Sacred Wood, while the heights of Thebes are seen in the distance.

Come now to Ischia, the lovely is-

the poor flesh cold! Note how the spirit of languorous sunshine pervades the scene of Adolf Triedler's picture.

Now for a glimpse at the kind of

DAPHNEPHORIA

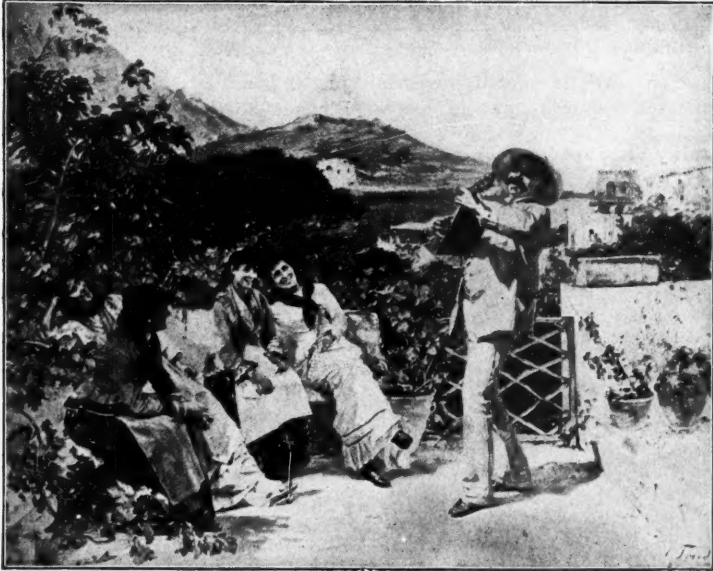


From a painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, R. A. (1876)

land in Naples Bay, where the care-free people make festival among themselves when the spirit moves.

Christmas some bachelors love to experience (if they can) in W. Dendy Sadler's "Over the Nuts and Wine."

IN ISCHIA



From a painting by Adolf Triedler

Perhaps even before the rollicking song is ended comes the volcanic tremor that snaps the strings and turns

Somebody's ears should burn or the faces of the "jolly good fellows" present are no criterion.

What would Christmas time be without women! Nothing that normal man would care for! So it happens

that exaltation, he personifies it with a splendid womanhood as Blashfield has done in his "Noel, Noel!"

OVER THE NUTS AND WINE



From a painting by W. Dendy Sadler

that when artistic genius wishes to express the quintessence of Yule-

NOEL, NOEL



From a painting by Blashfield

Just a word about Edwin Howland Blashfield and his work: He is a Boston Latin schoolboy, born 1848, a student of Bonnat, Gerome and Chapu in Paris, and Salon exhibitor since 1875. He has been a member of the National Academy of Design since 1888, and has been president of the American Society of Artists. Some of his best work is to be seen in the dome of the Library of Congress and in the High Appellate Court of New York City, where he now resides. How the spirit of music stirs the most sluggish soul, as he sees this painting, so full of poetry and motion; and so suggestive of those grand old words by Longfellow:

*"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet, the words repeat
'Peace—Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men.'"*

EARLY LIFE OF EDWIN M. STANTON

By Frank Abial Flower

THE first of the Stanton line in America was an English sailor who aided in forming a new "bodie politicke" in Rhode Island in which freedom of religion was guaranteed, and

DR. DAVID STANTON



thereafter became a prominent Quaker, both himself and family suffering many persecutions in this behalf.

David, father of Edwin M. Stanton, left his mother's farm at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, on reaching his majority to study medicine at Wheeling, where he roomed with Benjamin Lundy, to whom he taught the doctrine of emancipation that afterwards made his pupil famous.

Although much in favor with the fair sex, the fullness of his heart was reserved for Lucy Norman, a tutor in one of the local private schools. "She was," says Susanna Brown, who knew her intimately, "a plump, substantial, vivacious and attractive young woman,* with a voice of marvelous sweetness and power; and the most luminous and beautiful dark eyes I ever beheld."

*Mrs. Ann Witherow, of Canton, O., a daughter of David McMasters of Mt. Pleasant, says: "David Stanton was the comeliest man and Lucy Norman the most attractive girl in Mt. Pleasant."

She was descended of good stock—the Virginia Tutts and Yanceys—and educated at the Stevensburg Academy in Culpepper County. Her father, Thomas Norman, born on the plantation in Culpepper on which he died in November, 1838, in his 81st year, was a planter and miller in affluent circumstances, of liberal education, great respectability and austere personal habits.

On this old plantation near Stevensburg, between the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers, Lucy was born on November 17, 1792. This ancient homestead, now owned by Lucy's half-brother, Joseph T. Norman, was occupied by Grant and his army in 1864. The owner says: "General Grant destroyed a great deal of property belonging to me for which I never have received and never shall receive a cent." All the family documents, including hundreds of letters from Lucy, and even marriage records and heirloom Bibles were destroyed.

LUCY NORMAN



When, in 1808, her father married a second time, Lucy was dissatisfied and joined the family of a Methodist preacher, David McMasters, then removing to Mt. Pleasant, with whom she lived until her marriage to Dr. David Stanton on February 2, 1814.

[NOTE—By permission. Advance publication from Frank Abial Flower's "Life of Edwin M. Stanton", soon to issue from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co., New York and London.]

The ceremony was performed by her (Rev. David McMasters) named Edwin god-father in his own house from the McMasters Stanton.

BISHOP AND MRS. CHASE



Methodist ritual, although she was born and reared a Baptist and the groom was a Quaker.

Dr. Stanton, who was promptly excommunicated for "marrying out of the meeting," removed to Steubenville* where he soon acquired the leading practice of the section. He was hearty, generous, brainy and helpful; inclined to be stout; wore a "shadbelly" coat and a silk-napped hat, and was very popular.

Here, on Monday, Dec. 19, 1814—a day turbulent, chilly and full of driving snow—the first child was born, and, in honor of Mrs. Stanton's god-father

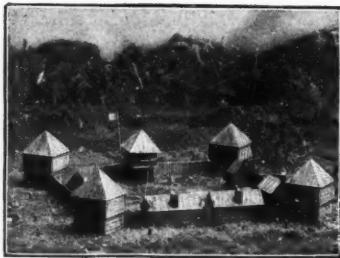
It was a puny babe, too weak to suckle, and Mrs. Warner Brown, a kind neighbor, transferring it through the drifting snows to her own home, nursed it to better strength while Dr. Stanton devoted himself exclusively to restoring the mother, whose life was in jeopardy.

This dwarfish fruition, continuing for three years to be scrawny and bloodless, contrasted strangely with two centuries of robust and daring ancestors.

However, his stunted stature and sickly organization seemed to add to the brightness of his unusually mature mind. At three he could repeat the alphabet by ear or sight, but the letter G he called "Hogg," because, as he had been told by his aunt, Annie Norman, as a means of fixing it in his memory, it resembled a very crooked dwarf of that name, who, bent nearly double, frequently passed the door.

At four he was more robust; at

FORT STEUBEN



By permission of Filson & Son, Steubenville, O.

seven began attending a private school, and at eight was transferred to a seminary conducted by Henry Orr in the

*At this time Steubenville, named by its founder, Bazaleel Wells, in honor of Baron Steuben, was one of the most promising and rapidly growing towns in the country. At the close of the war of 1812 its growth and prosperity were akin to marvelous. The Federal land office, a large bank, numerous jean mills, (the first in the country,) a paper mill, woolen mill, shipyard, foundries and machine works, an extensive publishing house, two newspapers and a large river and wholesale business, together with brick and stone yards, coal mining and salt boiling, made it a lively and attractive city. In fact the general belief was that it would be the largest city in the Ohio Valley.

rear of the Third Street residence which his father bought and occupied in 1818.

Atten, having made good progress, he was admitted to Rev. George Buchanan's* Latin school where he learned Latin, Greek, history and some of the higher branches. Says Rev. Joseph, son of Rev. George Buchanan: "Stanton's father took great interest in his son's education. For instance, he assisted to collect a museum of insects, frogs, birds, etc. This I remember especially well, for Ed stole a ground mole belonging to me and killed and stuffed it for his museum. I retaliated by hooking a big frog he had hidden under the doorsteps until he could go in and recite his Latin lesson to my father.

"His natural bent was in the direction of history, biography, and the wars and invasions of the ancient conquerors, but he loved natural history—loved nature in every form. He had a strong constitution and seemingly never tired. He possessed great capacity to understand, to digest, and he had a great memory. He was fond of debating societies and in them was the recognized leader.

"He had strong will power, and was always a man, always aimed at something high, and never spent an idle moment. He was a good talker, even as a boy, and in his father's stable mounted barrels and boxes to display his eloquence to his playmates."

*A man of high education and unusual independence and strength of character, and a graduate of the Mason seminary in N. Y., the first theological school on the continent.

At the age of ten Edwin was a member of Mrs. Hetty Beatty's Bible class and, with his mother, attended Methodist church services regularly. On January 27, 1827, when barely twelve years of age, he joined his mother's church on probation. On December 24, 1827, having stood the probationary tests, he arose in open meeting, confessed Christ and became a "full member" of the church. Mrs. E. H. McCarty, of Steubenville, who was present, says: "He was frank and manly and impressed all as being sincere. He did not hang his head and hesitate but rose up promptly to give his confession. He gave his experience at subsequent class-meetings in the same manner. He came regularly to Sunday school and seemed to be intelligent and well-settled."

"While gathering his natural history museum, Eddie Stanton learned how to train snakes," says Louis Anderson, of Steubenville; "in fact, he became a snake charmer, and many children were afraid of him. Once

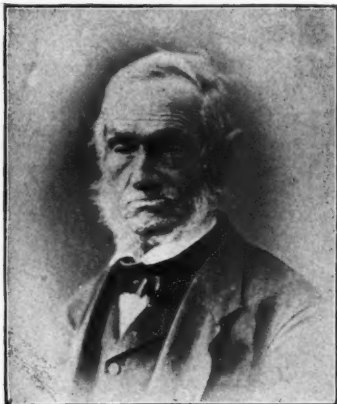
he came into our house with a couple of large snakes wound around his neck. Mother screamed and the children fled. Father rushed in to see what had happened, and finding Ed with his horrible snakes squirming around him hustled him into the street.

"Ed's father wished him to become a physician, and to that end articulated a human skeleton and hung it in the barn back of the house. Ed gave lectures on this skeleton which I attended; he put a lighted candle inside

STANTON'S MOTHER



STANTON'S FIRST EMPLOYER



the skull by way of illustration and succeeded in giving some of us the horrors.

"He also gave lectures on the Bible, Moses, God and the flood in the same stable. He was of a religious turn of mind, a good talker and very earnest and emphatic. He always had good audiences."

Edwin was thirteen and an advanced

STANTON'S FIRST SWEETHEART



pupil when his father startled the village by dropping dead of apoplexy on the threshold of his residence at 10

o'clock in the morning of December 30, 1827. No death in the community could have produced a greater shock. The schools were closed on the day of his burial and the Sunday school children marched in a body to the funeral, which was the largest seen in Steubenville up to that time.

The severity of the blow fell, of course, upon Lucy Stanton. There was a considerable sum of money due from her husband's patients, which at first she believed to be collectable; but, unable to realize as much as an-

Mrs. LUCY STANTON,

INFORMS her friends, and the public in general, that she has opened a small Store at her residence in Third-street, opposite Mr. Jenkinson's tavern, where she offers for sale, on reasonable terms, sundry articles of

Groceries, Dry Goods,

Medicines, etc.

Among which are the following.

**Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Alspice,
Pepper, Cinnamon, Cloves,
Nutmegs, Epsom Salts, Lemon
Acid, Scenna Manna, Godfrey's
Cordial, Worm Tea, Lee's Pills,
&c. &c.**

Together with a general assortment of

**SCHOOL BOOKS,
WRITING PAPER, &c.**

N. B. Good VINEGAR.

March 26th 1828

ticipated on these accounts, she added groceries, books and stationery to the stock of medicines left to her and opened a general store* in the front room of her residence. Edwin continued his studies with Rev. Buchanan; assisted his mother in the shop; cared for and milked the family

* "Sister Lucy opened a shop more in pride than necessity," says Mrs. J. C. Duerson, of Washington. "We at home were not aware at the time that she was keeping store. Father was wealthy and sent money to her after her husband's death, and would have sent more very gladly if she had disclosed that she needed it. He not only forwarded money but wished to send slaves to wait on her, do her work and care for the children; but of course that seemed to be forbidden by the law of Ohio. After father died, in 1838, sister Lucy neither received nor needed aid; for Edwin had begun to earn substantially and to look after his mother."

cow, and made himself generally useful.

Early in the summer of 1828 James Turnbull gave Edwin a place in his bookstore and publishing house, a large, prosperous and well-conducted establishment. In the meantime D. L. Collier, a leading attorney, had been appointed guardian of the Stanton children, and assisted in securing the much-needed situation, for the grocery store, for want of capital, did not pay, and Mrs. Stanton was in straitened circumstances.

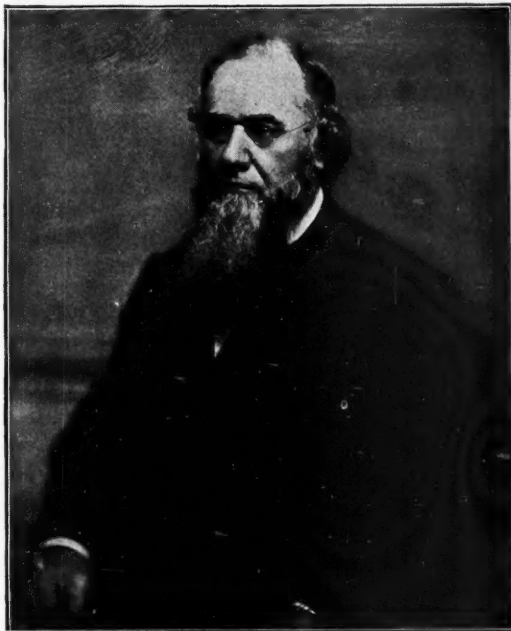
Edwin was now to have a stated cash wage—\$50 for the first, \$75 for the second and \$100 for the third year—and an opportunity to gratify his love for

books. Besides, Mr. Turnbull permitted him to continue his study of the languages, reciting as before to Rev. Buchanan.

"Mr. Turnbull never took but one exception to Edwin as an employe," says Capt. J. F. Oliver, Mr. Turnbull's son-in-law, "and that was that when customers came into the store he was so often absorbed in his book that he did not notice them. He consumed every book that came into the store, which was a great library to him."

His duties were numerous. Besides handling and selling books and stationery at retail, he bought rags and stock for the local paper mill; assisted in the publishing and subscription branches and dealt particularly with surrounding school officers in general educational supplies. This experience was valuable, for Mr. Turnbull was an exacting and successful business man.

EDWIN M. STANTON'S LAST PORTRAIT



During the apprenticeship he organized a circulating library, for the use of which he charged a fee of ten cents per term per person. "It was quite a pretentious collection and was patronized as much by adults as young people," says James Gallagher of Steubenville. "I re-

member Edwin's circulating library well," says John Harper, president of the Bank of Pittsburgh, who resided in Steubenville until 1830, "for I secured such books therefrom as my young friend recommended. He was fond of reading poetry and the Bible, and was familiar with Shakespeare, often quoting his finest passages with great force."

Less than half a dozen books from that early circulating library have been rescued; the remainder were

sold years ago to the local paper mill for a few shillings and ground into pulp. One of the rescued, a plain set of Montgomery's poems, is well dotted with notes and comments in Stanton's hand-writing—especially the volume containing "The World Before the Flood." He was fond of Montgomery's hymns and the story of his imprisonment, frequently reading "Pelican Island" aloud to his friends with much elocutionary power.

During his apprenticeship Stanton contributed to the support of his mother, brothers and sisters, as the accounts of his guardian show.

His first sweetheart, the venerable Mrs. Clemson of Xenia, O., who, as Miss Margaret W. Hoagland, resided in Steubenville until 1836, writes:

"Do I remember Edwin M. Stanton? Ah, indeed; I shall never forget him. He was the handsomest and smartest boy in Steubenville. He favored his mother, having Oh, such bright black eyes. We were together a good deal—so much so that—who will not par-

full of life and fun and always ready to escort the girls. However, he loved books better than either parties or girls. I can see him now going with a book under his arm to and from his Latin lessons, and later, in Turnbull's book-store, always with a volume in his hand when not attending to customers.

"His habits were excellent—studious, ambitious, industrious and sober. He was upright and truthful, too, and very attentive to his mother and sisters. He attended church regularly. I never knew a smarter boy or one with nobler heart and principles."

The influences surrounding Stanton up to this time were such as could not fail to be potential in character-molding. His mother was a devout Methodist; his father had been a polemical, free-thinking Quaker; his tutor was a strong-minded and vigorous Presbyterian, and himself a spirited actor in church and Sunday school. At quarterly meetings his home was crowded with Methodist preachers and elders, and at all times it was the resting-place of religious itinerants of every denomination—especially Hicksite Quakers.

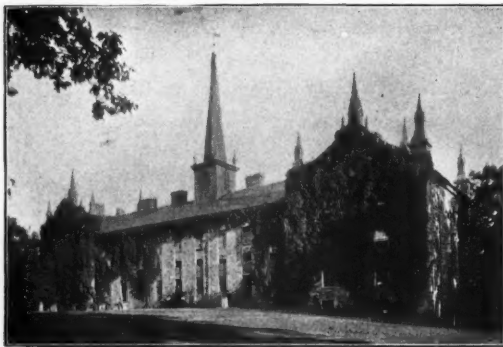
But, while the atmosphere of religious kindness and generous hospitality pervaded the home, inveighing against slavery was the dominant practice and universal freedom the prevailing theme.

William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, president of the

don a woman of eighty for admitting it—it was predicted by many that sometime we would be married. No party or gathering of young folk was complete without Ed Stanton. He was always pleasant, agreeable and

Pennsylvania Company, says in a letter written in 1887: "More than thirty-five years ago Edwin M. Stanton told me that when he was a boy his father had—like the father of Hannibal against Rome—made him swear eter-

THE STAR IN THE WEST



nal hostility to slavery, and the vow would be binding to his last day."

This vow was taken while his father and mother were actively aiding and protecting the slaves that constantly escaped from and through Virginia, whose bold hills were in full view immediately across the Ohio river from their house.

Surroundings like these could hardly produce other than the heroic and fearless Titan who conducted the war to suppress the Rebellion to a successful conclusion.

Not liking the calling of a physician, for which his father had designed him, Stanton now demanded a college education. Therefore, Guardian Collier being willing to advance the necessary funds and Mr. Turnbull to cancel the apprenticeship a few months prior to its termination, he left by stage, late in April, 1831, for Kenyon College at Gambier, O., then under the personal direction of Bishop Philander Chase and known as "the Star in the West."

About this time the state-rights and nullification controversy invaded the Philomathesian Society, a college order, where it received added heat and resulted in a rupture. Those who adhered to John C. Calhoun's theory, that a State is greater than the United States, which Stanton combatted with vehemence, resigned and founded a new association.

"Stanton was on the Union side, strong and tremendously in earnest against slavery and its defenders, high and low," says Rev. S. A. Bronson, of Mansfield, Ohio, then a member of the society.

He was elected secretary of the reorganized Philomathesians, served on several committees and appeared on one side or the other of nearly every debate until he left Gambier.

His great debate was on the affirmative of the question, "Was the extraordinary ecclesiastical power of the Middle Ages of more benefit than injury to literature?" which effort is re-

BIRTHPLACE OF STANTON



called yet as one of the most noted incidents in Kenyon history.

He was considerably impressed by a lively and beautiful Miss Douglass, who lived in a log cabin in the forest some miles distant from the college. Desiring to visit her and her sisters, Stanton and a companion rode Bishop Chase's fine horse, Cincinnatus, out to the Douglass home and back one boisterous night, through deep, fatiguing roads.

When, on the following morning, the Bishop found his good horse exhausted and spattered with mud, his wrath knew no bounds. The offenders were discovered and the matter

brought before the faculty, but the Bishop would listen to nothing in extenuation of the offense. Dr. Heman Dyer, one of the faculty, therefore advised Stanton that his escapade was known and to go to the Bishop and

REV. GEORGE BUCHANAN



confess and ask forgiveness. "I'll do it," was the reply. "Now," says Dr. Dyer, "Stanton was a fellow of good heart, and full of feeling. He went to the Bishop, made a clean breast of it, acknowledged his error and asked for-

giveness. The Bishop's wrath was soon all gone. His own big heart was touched, and he had nothing but pity and sympathy for the youth. He spoke to him tenderly of his widowed mother and of the life that was before him. It was not long before both were in tears and parted good friends."

Some of the controlling influences and many of the most enduring friendships of his life came from Kenyon College. There the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, in which he died, took root; there he sent his son, Edwin L., who, in 1863, graduated with the highest honors in the history of the institution; thither he often returned with affectionate interest, and from its graduates and tutors he chose some of the most confidential and trusted advisers of his later career. When he left he had finished algebra, history, mathematics, chemistry, political economy, geology, Latin and the third year of Greek, and would have graduated on the highest level at the end of another session, if he could have returned.

STONE RESIDENCE ERECTED BY ROBERT STANTON AT NEWPORT, R. I., IN 1860



"STRONG BLUFF" AT CAPE SABINE, SHOWING PARALLEL RIDGES OF CONGLOMERATE, UNDER EACH OF WHICH LIES A VEIN OF COAL



COAL MINING AT THE NORTH POLE

By Winthrop Packard

SOME philosopher has said that nature never imposes upon man an evil but that near at hand she places a remedy that he may obtain if he but use brains and energy in the search for it. So, when the Arctic coast of North America came into being with its almost perpetual winter, the ice that grinds and crushes through the long, cruel, sunless months, and the cold that freezes the marrow of the bones and kills men within speaking distance of their frost-bound ships, she filled the shores of that Arctic frozen sea with coal. More than that, she ground away the face of the cliffs that look upon that bleak sea, and showed the veins of black striping it diagonally, and tumbled the precious black

blocks out into the surf so that he who runs may read coal in the lineaments of the cliff and have it for the trouble of picking it up on the beach.

The coal measures of our Arctic coast begin a little south of Cape Lisburne, the most northwestern corner of Alaska—indeed forty miles south of that point, at Cape Thompson, there are thin outcroppings—and extend eastward along the coastline to Cape Sabine, showing up again at Cape Beaufort; are found a few miles inland at Wainwright Inlet, and extend still further eastward no one knows how far. Very likely they cross the entire northern part of the continent, as explorers tell us of veins that outcrop in Grinnell Land, north of Hud-

son's Bay. Natives at Cape Sabine told us of whole mountains of "adloha," as they call it, far inland in the Franklin range.

The presence of this coal in one or two places has been known for many years. In the eighties the government vessels "Corwin" and "Thetis" got coal near Cape Sabine, and you will find these spots marked on the charts as the Corwin and Thetis mines. Since that time the hardy whalers who winter at Point Barrow and Herschel Island have obtained winter supplies of fuel at these mines, but neither the explorers nor the whalers realized the extent and availability of these veins. Until lately, in fact, they have been of no use to others, as their distance from a market put their being worked commercially wholly out of the question. Now, however, the gold miners have

and other cities are springing up at Cape York, at Cape Clarence and at half a dozen other points along the coast. Coal these cities must have, for there is no other fuel but the drift-wood which, though now plentiful in localities, is rapidly being used up and is poor stuff at the best. Coal sold this spring as high as \$80 per ton and was hard to get at any price.

To explore these coal measures, to prospect and locate coal lands and to bring a cargo of these precious black blocks to Nome, the Corwin Trading Co. sent their vessel, the "Corwin," to this far Arctic coast, and I had the pleasure of being one of the party. It is not every day that you can get aboard a vessel from the Nome beach, for the surf breaks far out on the golden sands of the shallow open roadstead, but after waiting three days

A MAIL CARRIER IN THE FROZEN NORTH



"SLUICER" MINING



ON THE BEACH AT NOME



changed all that. Northern Alaska is being developed with feverish rapidity. The city of Nome, with 35,000 population, is within 300 miles by sea,

we got a comparative calm and made our way through the treacherous breakers with no more harm than a good wetting, and steamed northward

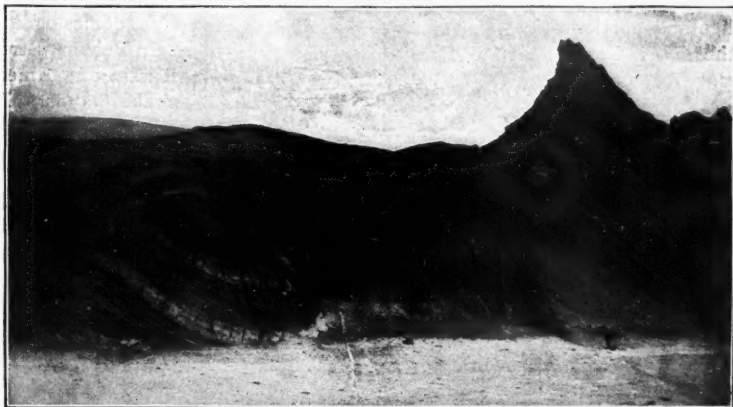
early in July. Our first stop was Port Clarence, where there is an excellent harbor and Clarence City, a growing tent town that may, who knows, rival Nome next year. Within Port Clarence lies Grantley Harbor, a landlocked bay where H. M. S. "Plover" wintered in 1854 in search of Sir John Franklin. The "Plover" charted the bay, and these soundings are still in use, but we found them anything but accurate, for the silt of a half century has come down the rivers and changed the bottom, making the entrance of the harbor a ticklish proceeding for a

poor this summer. The grippe has ravaged them all the spring and many have died of it. Those who survived are weak and sickly still and you can hear them cough long before you reach their camp. They have been unable to hunt or fish, and their condition is pitiable in the extreme.

* * *

Storm lake is twenty-five miles long and is so little known that it is inaccurately charted. It is a beautiful sheet of water and is full of white fish. In from the sea comes the beluga, the white whale, to feed upon these fish

TWISTED STRATA IN THE CLIFFS BELOW LISBURNE



craft of our size. In fact we were the largest vessel since the "Plover," and the only steamer of any size that had ever entered there. There we remained a week while the crew blew down and cleaned the boilers, and we took the opportunity to go on a prospecting trip. We took the whaleboat one day and sailed up the harbor and through the canyon, where flows a ten-mile river, the outlet of Storm Lake. Here and there were the summer camps of the Esquimaux tents which they buy of the white men, walrus skin boats, umiaks and a legion of dogs. The Esquimaux are very

and the salmon, and we saw several of the white monsters plunging and blowing in pursuit of their dinners. The beluga is not very large for a whale, only twenty feet long or so, but he looks large as he comes up alongside your boat on an inland lake.

All the southern shore of this lake is bordered by a range of rugged mountains with the snow still on them in the ravines. Seen through the haze of a day that was like Indian summer, they loomed creations of a magician; Merlin-made mountains of white china and cut glass and it was hard to believe that they were real. The white china

snow of the ravine Oris crossed the crystal in fantastic figures, and as these mountains have no name on the chart, we named them the Hen-Track hills. A little thunder shower came up with much rumbling of thunder and an occasional lightning flash and christened them for us. The upper end of the lake is very shallow, and one may walk for a mile in water a few inches deep on hard and beautifully corrugated sand. To see a companion thus strolling along the surface of the lake, far from shore, reminds one forcibly of Galilee and portions of the Holy Scriptures. We panned some sand from the bottom here and found colors—faint flecks of gold—in it, and decided that the country was "good," and went ashore and made camp. Plover, ducks and Wilson's snipe were abundant. We shot these and caught white fish from the lake for supper, cooking them over a fire of dry twigs of dwarf willow, the only wood in the country, and the mosquitoes came down in battalions and began to eat us up; game, supper and all. All things that have been said of the Alaskan mosquito are true, and more of it. He is the original squatter about Storm Lake, and his claim has never been jumped. They laughed at mosquito netting; they filled the air with the uproar of their wings, millions of them, and in the end they vanquished us. No man slept that night. They punc-

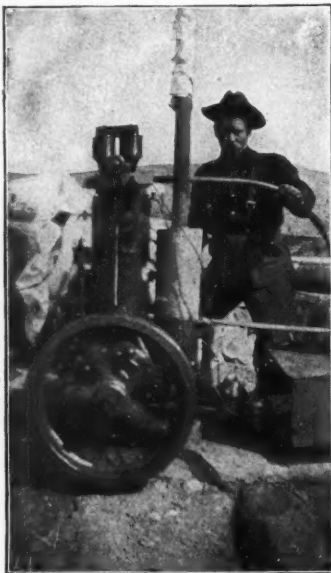
tured my blankets, and though my head was swathed in a huge woolen sweater, it was no obstacle to them. In the morning one man's face and neck were swollen beyond recognition, and his hands were as large as hams. The rest of us were as weak and ill as if we had been through a fever, and we struck camp in a hurry and made for the open lake where a breeze routed the hordes of the enemy. There

is gold at the upper end of Storm Lake, I am confident. I am equally confident that I don't want it, at least, not until frost comes again.

In Behring Straits, Russia and America shake hands. Big Diomed Island and Little Diomed stand side by side, the former Russia's outpost, the other our own. A little strip of narrow sea lies between the two, and so clear is the air on a fair day that it seems as if from one island you could easily reach across a hand to the other. We passed these after

leaving Port Clarence, and crossing the wide expanse of Kotzebue Sound cast anchor under the lee of Point Hope. A barren sand-spit extending far into the Arctic sea, wind-swept and desolate, is Point Hope. It is the home of a tribe of Esquimaux who go to the mission school and church and learn to sing gospel hymns, to speak a little English and to use soap. They learn other things, I do not doubt, that are equally beneficial, but of these I am sure. They came aboard the ship 10

AN OPEN AIR ENGINE ROOM



trade, and seemed intelligent, manly and cleaner than I expected. I did not expect much. The natural supposition is that they are thus improved because of the missionary. The whalers, however, who do not love missionaries, say that it is in spite of the missionary.

Our first sight of the coal was a few miles south of Cape Lisburne. Here a little mountain river prattles over the pebbles and slips apologetically into the sea from behind a long sand bar. We stopped here to get water, running the ship's nose almost up on the beach, so deep is the water off shore. You could see a most interesting sample of the twisting of strata by volcanic upheaval here, the lines of parallel rock coiling upon themselves in a part of the bluff like the serpents of Laocoon. We had pushed our way thus far through floating ice, and the wind from the north had a nip in it. It was July 18, but the ice had moved out only a day or two before, yet a few rods up the little mountain stream you found meadows lush with grass, and countless wild flowers made the air sweet with their perfume. I took a long walk up this river, where it winds among the everlasting hills of limestone rock. Plover were plentiful and there was now and then a breeding duck and a family or two of white buntings, the snow bunting that visits us in New England when the snow lies deep in the winter. There were forget-me-nots here and buttercups, white anemones and yellow poppies in profusion, while a dozen other unfamiliar flowers grew with them up to the edge of the glacier-like bank of snow and ice that lay fifteen feet deep in a curve of the stream. Nodules of flint and fossil iron ore lay in the bed of the stream, and bits of coal broken from some inland vein. I found many specimens of fossil coral also. Bumble

bees buzzed among the flowers, and a little brown butterfly danced down the glen.

Tucked away in a blanket of shale under a great mound of conglomerate rock near the beach was a vein of excellent coal several feet in diameter. Like all the coal which we were to find later, it was of a semi-bituminous character, light, but of firm texture, kindling readily and burning with little smoke to a fine white ash. The cook tried it in the galley stove and pronounced it better than the coal that we had brought from Seattle for his use. We mined a little of this coal, staked the vein, and having filled our water tanks with ice water from the little river, went on.

The limestone cliffs of Lisburne lift their white heads sheer from the water for hundreds of feet, and the range extends fifty miles inland, still white and rounded with the crumbling limestone. With this goes veins of coal and of iron ore, which will some day, no doubt, supply the blast furnaces of Alaska when she shall have population enough to warrant it.

On the cliffs that overhang the water at the tip of the cape, breed myriads of crow-bill ducks, and they spatter the sea and fill the air like swarms of disturbed bees as the ship plunges by. There is plenty of feed for them here, and they get so fat that they can hardly fly from the water. The Esquimo catch them in hand nets as one would catch butterflies, and live on them at this time of year.

* * *

Near Cape Sabine occur the greatest outcroppings of coal that you will find along the coast. The cliffs are wave-washed and hundreds of feet high, and as the ship approaches you can see that they are striped diagonally with coal. Vein after vein discloses itself, dipping downward into the sea and

trending along the coast eastward, gradually drawing toward the interior. If you climb the cliffs, two hundred feet high or so, you may follow the line of the veins by the ridges of conglomerate which overlie them, and see where the ground squirrels in digging their winter holes have thrown up coal in little black heaps at the mouth of the burrow. We came to anchor here and made a careful examination of the ground. The hills were full of coal in veins from two or three to eight feet in diameter. It stuck out of the cliffs and lay in great lumps on the beach. One of these lumps, a single block weighing a ton and a half, we rigged a tackle on and took aboard the ship for exhibition purposes. Then while the crew were busy getting coal from the surf for the bunkers, we staked the ground for miles and miles up and down the shore, taking in all of the best veins in sight. After this tools and powder were brought ashore and we began work on an eight-foot vein at the top of a two-hundred foot cliff, named in honor of one of the party, "Strong Bluff." Coal mining here is different from that of the States, at least at present. There are no shafts to sink, no expensive hoisting machinery to put in operation, no timbering to do. We simply blew the face off the cliff with powder and quarried the coal from the vein laid bare, filling sacks with it and toppling them over the edge to the depths below.

It was easy work, but somewhat exciting for the people below the cliff, who could not be sure what direction a bag would take. We nearly dislocated Hoodlum several times. Hoodlum is one of the four East Cape Esquimaux whom we shipped in Siberia for the forecastle. They make good sailors, are willing and good-natured. Hoodlum—that is as near as you can

get to his Esquimau name—is a good boy, who falls over his own feet. He seemed to have a peculiar attraction for coal bags. It did not matter which way Hoodlum ran, up the beach or down, the descending coal bag would chase him. The sight of Hoodlum stumbling for dear life up the sand, whooping for help in Esquimau and chased by a lusty and malevolent two-hundred pound sack of coal, took the monotony from labor and would set us to grubbing with renewed energy for another sack. It lasted only one day. Hoodlum went to the captain at night and said he guessed he would leave the ship and move up into the interior. The beach was too exciting for him. He was transferred to other work, and persuaded to stay with us.

After that the sacks behaved better. Now and then one of them would gather too much centrifugal force for its texture and burst like an overgrown torpedo, scattering coal far and wide before it reached the bottom, but these were only occasional incidents.

One day it came on to blow from the north. It was not a hard blow, but there is no shelter from the north wind at Cape Sabine, and we were obliged to run for it, going south of Lisburn for a lee. A lee is not so easily found up here either. The wind, when it does blow, is out for business and seems to blow up and down as well as other ways. At the anchorage we found, behind cliffs hundreds of feet high, the wind would sweep down the perpendicular rock and snatch up "woolies" from the face of the waters and carry them off to leeward in blinding, winding sheets of whirling mist. At times the sea would be covered with these almost as with a fog. As the storm abated a party of natives appeared upon the shore, set up a driftwood signal and waited, sitting like ghosts in their gowns of white cotton

cloth with fur fringed hood. We sent the surf boat ashore after the sea moderated a little, and a lot of them came off in it. They were Point Hope natives, bound up the coast on a hunting trip to the Pitmegea river, and storm-bound like ourselves. They brought trade, skins and ivory, and our whaling captains who speak the language well, made a bargain with them to take them as far as Cape Sabine in return for food and work in the coal mine. They accordingly brought their walrus hide boats from a sheltered cove, their families and their dogs, and trooped aboard. They camped on the upper deck, pups, paraphernalia and pickaninnies, and we took them back to the mines. There the men worked and worked well for a week, taking pay in flour, sugar, calico and other supplies. Every day while the men worked the women took the umiak and paddled out to the boat, making a picnic of it and bringing all the children and most of the dogs. They are a kindly and gentle people, light brown in color, with mops of jet black hair and black eyes. They are not bad looking after you get used to them, and some of the children, "mickiminnies," they call them, are really pretty. At the mine they all went ashore through the heavy surf, handling their umiaks, loaded with women and children, dogs and freight with consummate skill, landing the women and children dry shod on the beach where our surf boat was swamped at the same time and goods and men cast into the sea. They bring the boat in sidewise, tipping it away from the onrushing combers.

. . .

On the cliffs here a singular bird, the parrot bill duck, breeds. The creature has a huge red parrot-like beak and tufted eyebrows such as Satan has in the old pictures. Other ducks, Pacific

coast eider, canvas backs, mallard and many other varieties, some weighing five to eight pounds, fly up and down the coast in immense flocks, always going in a given direction and about so far from shore. These birds about this time of year are all drakes, the female being busy bringing up the young ducks while the male folks go gadding. They are excellent eating, and we often went off for half an hour after supper and shot a score or so. You have but to find the line of their flight, wait in a boat for a flock, shoot most anywhere and then put up an umbrella while it rains ducks. If you do not bring down five or six from each flock, howls of derision will greet you from the ship where your marksmanship is being watched. Ptarmigan are quite plentiful in the hills and you may get them with shot gun or rifle. If you do not hit them the first time they often wait, considerably sitting on the tundra, while you re-adjust the sights and fire again. They are plump and as good eating as our southern grouse.

We went ten miles further east along the coast one day and located the Thetis mine. Here we found a rusty and time-worn pick and shovel, that had likely rested here since the exploring vessel got her load fifteen years or more ago. Here, too, is the most extraordinary vein on the whole coast. You can see it in the clear water running in from the sea to the beach, a broad, black streak of solid coal sixty feet wide. You have but to scrape away the sand of the beach and you will find it there, and it runs up into the tundra and no one knows how far inland. It is equally as good coal as the other, and has a brother vein not far off, through which, back in the tundra, a little stream breaks, making a gully through cliffs of coal that project on either side. The bed

of this stream is black with the lumps broken from this vein.

I went back on a long twelve-mile jaunt into the interior one day, tramping due south from the sea, climbing from ridge to ridge in places where surely white man's foot had never been set before. The bare tundra was as desolate and lonely a place as one could wish to find. No bush, no tree grew there. Even the creeping willow that you find farther south was wanting. Yet every little valley had its carpet of green grass and was spangled with brilliant flowers. No animal moved on hill or plain. Only the hawks that breed on these hills sailed over my head in scores, so curious and fearless that I could almost reach up and touch them. In the gullies and on the ledges was no rock, but sandstone, and if the coal is there it lies buried deep. Twelve miles to the southward I climbed an isolated peak and in the marvelously clear arctic air could see scores of miles all about me. Lakes and rivers lay below, to the north the blue sea with its distant fringe of ice floes, while inland range on range of snowy-capped mountains lifted to the far interior. No tree, no man, no beast was in sight, only the soaring hawks, a snowy bunting, and sitting on the shady side of the peak, blinking

solemnly, a great snow white arctic owl. I doubt if human footsteps had ever marked this peak, and the world stretched out on every side, singularly crude, and new as if life had yet to be on it. On a great slab of the sandstone at the very summit I spoiled one blade of my knife carving my name and the date. Then I carefully placed a copy of "The National Magazine" under the slab, safe from the weather, thus dedicating the peak to the magazine, its heirs and assigns, forever. Then I walked over the tundra to the ship.

We staked fourteen quarter-sections of coal land on the shore of the Arctic sea and took a hundred tons of coal back to Nome with us. This is the first ship load of this northern coal that was ever taken out for sale.

It seems to me that the discovery and development of these coal lands is important in two ways. It will solve the problem of a cheaper and accessible fuel for the present and coming cities of northern Alaska, and it will furnish the Esquimaux of these bleak shores one more chance for a living. If he will work in the mines, and I think he will, the failure of the caribou and the growing scarcity of the seal need not mean starvation for him. He can earn his daily bread as does the white man.

DECEMBER

A wreath of withered leaves about her head,
Her garments brown sparkle with a silver sheen.
Beneath her feet Fall's aftermath is spread,
And frost-flowers gleam where once the rose has been.

E. Carl Litsey

MARGARET'S SOLDIER HERO

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

WHEN the neighbors declared that John Russell was spoiled his friends always insisted that nothing else could be expected of a boy whose father was dead and who was the idol of his mother and four older sisters.

But, "Jack will come out all right," the little mother would say even while she sighed over his escapades. She was very proud of her handsome daughters, but that boy—that dear boy of hers—her love for him approached idolatry. When he would steal up behind her and lay his boyish face against hers and whisper, "Why don't you lean on me?" her heart would be strangely stirred, and she would clasp her arms about her tall son.

"Don't ever grow, little mother," he would say laughingly, in a lover-like way.

She anticipated with pain the day when his heart would belong to another, and found herself wondering if it would ever be given to Margaret Wescott. The families had been friends so many years, and her John was but three months' Margaret's senior.

"I'll marry you some day," the little lad of eight had said as he made artistic mud pies for his sunny-haired playmate. And, "I love you, Jack," lisped Margaret, avowing with a beautiful candor, the sentiment that she later learned to conceal.

They quarreled, were reconciled, laughed and wept together through the precious fleeting years of childhood. Jack fought her school battles, returned with interest the snow balls

that were thrown at her, and solved her problems while she wrote his compositions. Then came to them the solemn realization that they had crossed the mystical border line between childhood and young manhood and womanhood.

In Jack's heart still remained the old determination first to succeed, and then to make Margaret his wife. But he did not tell her so any more—something held him back.

"Margaret, what do you admire most in a man?" he asked one evening, and tried in vain to look indifferent to her reply.

"I like men to be strong and brave and to do heroic things," she replied sagely. "Almost anyone can be good, and work day after day," she concluded, and the wise little nod of the head seemed to settle the question.

So great is the power of the idlest word of woman that from that day the confines of John Russell's life grew irksome. He longed to prove to Margaret that although he was simply keeping books, if he only had the chance he could show her he was no coward and could do the deeds that she admired.

* * *

The chance came with Uncle Sam's call for volunteers in 1898, and Jack tossed aside his books and rushed home. He looked down at his sturdy physique joyously, for he knew that he could not fail to pass the necessary physical examination.

"I must go, mother—I must," he said to the little mother who pleaded with him to stay.

"I know how you feel, dear," she said, "and I am proud of you, but in one way you are all I have. There are many who have brothers and who are more free to go than you. Let them go first."

And he knew that she meant that he filled in her heart the place of husband—son—lover.

"I know it, mother. I—I—you know how much I love you," he answered, and the blue eyes looked down wistfully into the kind face of the mother who had never willingly denied him a happiness.

"Then stay with me, dear," she pleaded.

"But, mother, you do not understand. I must go. Men must not flinch when duty calls. What would father say?" and he kissed her and went to seek Margaret.

"I am going to war, Margaret," he said, with exaggerated carelessness as though it were the most everyday affair in the world for a man to go to war.

"To war—Jack?" she repeated, a little stunned.

"Yes, I am going to help punish Spain. Mother does not want me to go at the first call—but I—well, what do you think about it?"

"I? Oh, Jack, it is splendid," she answered in the enthusiasm of the moment. "Of course do as you like, but if I were a man I know what I would do."

These words settled the matter and nothing then could have altered his resolve. For the sake of a pair of brown eyes he forgot all else in the world. And so it is always. A woman's eyes—her voice—her laughter—her tears, are ever a motive power that spurs a man onward to his best effort or drags him down to the depths. Very seldom for his own sake alone—for his own glory alone—does

a man struggle to reach the heights. Nearly always, were the truth but known, his inspiration would be found to be the longing to fulfill the faith, the expectations that some woman holds.

When the blue uniform had been donned, and the last day to be spent in Meredith arrived, Jack tried to conceal the lump in his throat by assuming the old gay and boyish manner. After he had said goodbye to all at home and had run into Margaret's for a last word, he seemed happy and care free.

"Margaret, I have not asked you to make any promises, nor to grant any favors, but most of the fellows have some reward as they march away to war. Say, Peggy, why not kiss a fellow as you used to when I gave you the reddest apples and all the goodies from the nuts?"

"Why Jack, aren't you ashamed to refer to those foolish days? Just because I have always lived next door is no reason that I should kiss you goodbye as your mother did," she replied, blushing furiously.

"Well, say, Peg, how about it when I come home?"

"Win your laurels and then we shall see," replied Margaret with much dignity.

The boyish face took on new and sterner lines. "Well, just as you like about that, Miss Margaret Wescott," he replied with pretended haughtiness, then quickly added, with a little break in his voice: "You shall not be ashamed of me, Peggy, dear," and walked silently away.

She watched him from the window as he went down the street. "He must look back—he will look back," her heart pleaded.

But his head never turned, and then the inconsistent Peggy who had sent him away fled to her room and locked

herself within. There, with all her pride and dignity gone, she sobbed for an hour.

When she heard the whistle of the engine and the faint echo of the cheer that followed the young soldiers as the train rounded the curve, she wept harder than ever.

"And it was I who sent him—who made him go," she wailed. "I wanted him to prove that he was brave, and I knew it already—oh Jack—Jack—"

There is not a soldier who landed at Altares who will ever forget the day before the battle of Las Guasimas. The trail to the halting place for the night was a hard one. The men marched with throbbing heads and eyes that looked compassionately upon their comrades as one by one they dropped out of the ranks from sheer exhaustion.

It was after nine when packs were dropped for the night and the tired soldiers were given a chance to prepare their suppers.

Upon the eve of a great crisis or experience in life there are souls that court solitude, that must be alone to gird on the armor of courage for the morrow. At such a time a soldier's thoughts drift homeward and linger about those whose hopes and faith are wrapped up in him. With this impulse strong upon him John Russell of the First U. S. Infantry spread his blanket a little apart from his comrades.

Every week since his departure from Meredith letters had been sent him, each containing some little useful gift. They had brought him not alone comfort but happiness, because he knew that Margaret's thoughtfulness as well as his mother's was represented, and the knowledge shortened many a weary mile and gave him renewed energy to perform the most irksome task.

As though suggestive of the storm of

battle upon the morrow, dark clouds gathered ominously over the mountain tops. All the evening they had hung low and menacing, and when a blinding flash of lightning was followed by a deafening peal of thunder the hearts of the soldiers sank. The pouring rain soon drowned the fires, soaked their garments through and through and left them huddled stiff and sore beneath their blankets. The lightning flashed weirdly upon the mountains, played about the palm trees and peopled with fantastic shapes the cocoa-nut grove off toward the west.

Such a night brought back memories of home, and Jack's rain-washed face grew somewhat long. He thought of the old mud-pie and tree-climbing days a little wistfully as he fingered a tiny oil-skin sack that he had that day hung about his neck. His mother had written that Margaret had made it, and it held with her address a wisp of Margaret's hair and of her own.

In spite of physical discomforts his heart beat high with hope, because to-morrow—to-morrow he would prove his courage; and then, oblivious to his surroundings, he fell asleep with a smile upon his face, but not for long, because reveille sounded at three o'clock and the line of march was again resumed over the muddy, slippery trail.

The sun rose gloriously bright and soon grew scorching in its intensity, and with the sun rose Jack's spirits. He held his head a little higher, for was he not strong and well, and his chance had almost come, he whispered to himself exultingly.

Even when the enemy had been located and the fight was on he knew no fear. When from the mountain side before them a terrific fire was poured down and the soldiers were forced to seek a sheltered spot, Jack fell back with an ill grace. Even in the wild excitement of that moment there

danced before his vision the great brown eyes of the girl for whose dear sake he would prove his courage.

When a stray bullet found lodgment in his leg he almost laughed, for now when he returned home he would carry a memento of the battle.

"What's the matter, Russell?" asked a comrade as they lay side by side in the long grass facing the subtle smokeless firing line of the enemy.

To the inquirer's surprise he received the reply: "A wound in the leg—thank Heavens, Benedict."

"Well, did I ever—not much for which to be thankful, it strikes me," and Jack's companion gazed sympathetically at the wounded member.

"Why, old man, it's just a scratch, but I tell you it is worth a fortune to me—but say," he continued, and his bright face grew suddenly thoughtful, "in this pesky climate a man never knows but what with even a little wound fever may set in. If I should become light-headed you had better write to mother. But be sure and tell her that it is just a scratch, and not to worry."

"Oh, it will be all right soon, Russell," replied his comrade cheerfully, "and then you will be writing your own letters. Better tie it up now if you can before you lose more blood."

Jack half sat up to fix his wounded leg as best he could. Perhaps it was the motion that moved the long grass and caught the attention of the alert eyes of the foe. Before his comrades, who lay so near that they could touch him, realized what was happening he fell forward without a cry. Then the tide of battle swept onward and he was alone.

* * *

The war is over, and in Jack's home the little mother and the sisters walk softly through the silent rooms that no longer echo the clear joyous whistle

nor the blithe merry tones of their loved one.

As for Margaret—all her little airs and graces have vanished now and the young face has taken on a new womanliness, and a sweet gravity fills the once joyous brown eyes. She sits oftentimes by the little white curtained window of her room and gazes mournfully across the lawn to where her playmate had lived. It seems to the young girl that if she only watches long enough he will come across the lawn and whistle for her beneath her window as he did of old when he came to walk with her to school.

But his comrades—some of them—have long since returned; the rest are sleeping under the palms of far-off Cuba, and Jack's name is in the list of "missing."

All but Margaret and his mother have long since given up hope of ever seeing his bonny face again, and even they do not speak openly of the faint spark of hope still lingering in their hearts. Only, when memory becomes too insistent, Margaret steals across to Jack's home and laying her head in his mother's lap, feels vaguely comforted. One day while talking in low tones of Jack a quick step sounds upon the porch, and a moment later they hear a glad cry of "Mother—Margaret!" and feel his arms about them.

He is pale and thin, and a long scar on his forehead marks the passing of a cruel Mauser bullet, but he is alive, and has come back to them—and for very joy they hardly listen to his story of how he was captured by the enemy, tumbled into a ditch to die when they were forced to retreat, and finally rescued by a Cuban in whose poor hut he was forced to lie for many months, recovering from his wounds and the fever brought on by his exposure.

And then? Well, it was a very pretty wedding.

A MODERN KRIS KRINGLE

By Aloysius Coll

THERE was a house party at the Morley's. Mrs. Morley was one of those sunny women who always desired to have somebody about on whom the rays of her sunshine might fall—that is, somebody besides her devoted husband and the children. Genevieve was the eldest of the latter; a girl who combined her mother's glad ways and her father's dimples, so that when she smiled like her mother she dimpled like her father. When such smiles were illumined by merry light brown eyes, half the time swept by run-away locks of soft hair, framing cheeks that an anchorite would long to pet, it was no wonder that men lost their hearts in the depths of the dimples.

The house party was for Genevieve; but it was Christmas eve, and of course the little tots entered very seriously into the arrangements for the morrow. Grown people, who no longer could be deceived by the tales of the wonderful snow-besprinkled Santa Claus, might on the morning receive their gifts with the best wishes of relatives, friends and lovers, and prize them for the sake of love, friendship and family loyalty. But with the children's believing hearts it was different. That "good-little-boy-before-Christmas-and-you'll-get-something-nice" delusion had to be kept up for the sake of the budding race.

Genevieve and the five house guests, Tillie Covington, Grace Martin, and the big bad boys, Tom Morgan, Dal Murray and DeWitt Crane, were discussing important plans for the general jollification.

"I tell you it's no use masquerading unless we do it right. We want a real Kris Kringle, straight from the land of snows, with the deer, and a rattling pack of stuff," said Morgan.

"Well, since Morgan seems so definite on just what the plans should be, and seems to know so much about what a Kris Kringle should look like, let him be the pack peddler himself. We'll look on and take lessons," suggested Crane.

"I'll stand my chance with the rest of you," said Morgan. What do you say to drawing lots?"

Morgan's plan was finally adopted. The two visiting girls were detailed to prepare the slips of paper, which were to decide who should impersonate Kris Kringle. Outside in the hall they entered into a conspiracy.

"Tom's the only fellow that seems interested in the move the right way. How can we arrange it?" Miss Marton was saying under her breath.

"I can fix the matter," responded the other, "We'll just put 'Kris Kringle' on every ballot, and in the meantime we'll try to get the ear of each of the others that draw, and tell them to say their ballots are blank—all except Tom, you know, and seeing that he has the word that wins on his, he'll never dream that we all have the same thing, too."

"Smart girl!" said Grace. Then both laughed at the scheme.

The other young people began to crowd into the hall. Miss Covington saw her chance. "Tom," she said, as he advanced, "we need some more paper. Go into the library and get a

sheet out of that top drawer at the side desk. Tom hurried out. Then Tillie explained the scheme to the others amid much suppressed laughter.

"I guess we had enough after all," she said, as Tom handed in the extra sheet. "We're all ready now. We'll not need that."

The little rolls of paper were put into a hat, and Tillie stood up on the first step in the hallway so that the men could not look into the hat as they drew forth their ballots.

"Blank," said Genevieve, keeping her slip turned that the unsuspecting Tom might not see it.

"Blank," shouted Crane, tearing his into little bits.

"Blank," cried Grace, dancing about as if wonderfully surprised that she had not drawn the fateful slip.

"Blank," said Tillie, reaching in for herself.

"Blank," cried Murray, looking innocent.

Tom had drawn his a moment before Murray, and stood looking at it with a troubled look on his face.

"Now you're in for it old man," laughed Murray, looking at the ballot. "See that 'Kris Kringle?'"

Then they all laughed at Tom, who looked foolish. "Can I withdraw?" he asked appealingly.

"What? The only man who didn't get a blank? And throwing away an honor like that! Shame! Get in the sleigh, there!" were the volleys fired at Tom, and he surrendered.

"I hear the bells tinkling over the snow already," he said with thorough good nature.

. . .

The high clock on the stairs ticked leisurely. The small hand nearly pointed to the midnight hour. Nearly all the lights in the house were out. Down stairs the green tree hung invitingly, its every branch for some pretty

thing. One of the girls was fastening the little wax candles to the boughs. A red fire glowed on the walls and on the gladsome young faces.

At the head of the stairway Kris Kringle stepped out of a door, with a soft tinkle of toys. A girl turned the corner of the hallway and the good old St. Nick ran plump into her. The bells on the clown's cap rang.

"Genevieve!"

"Tom!"

"Hush! I'm not Tom; I'm Kris Kringle."

His pack filled the stairway. "Well, am I to get down?" she said.

"More than plenty down there, now." He put his hand to the wall, blocking the passage. "Sit down, and wait with me till I get the signal."

"But I may be needed."

"So you are."

"Then let me down."

"I mean you're needed here. Fix the pack for me. You jarred it out of place when we bumped."

He sat down on a step, and she on the step above, handy to the pack. "It is fixed," she said.

"Thank you," and he sat up one step higher.

"It's pretty crowded here," she suggested.

"It always is around you."

"Around me?"

"Yes, around you." He smiled at the chance, and attempted to avail himself of it. But a jumping-jack jabbed her on the cheek, and something sounded like a paste-board doll house collapsing.

"There goes our home," he said, picking the broken structure from the side of the pack.

"Our home?"—she hung upon the words. It was not too dark for him to see the dimples.

He pulled the protruding jumping-jack out of the bundle of toys, and

laid it on the step, and she smiled. That was more encouragement than he could resist. He put his arm around her, heedless of the clapping of the clown bells. "Genevieve!"—and his voice lost its merry ring and dropped to a low tenderness.

She said nothing. He saw that she was turned from him, but not in protest. He drew her close to him. "Genevieve!" he said again, pleading. She turned to him and he caught the perfume of her hair.

"I can't say the pretty things now," he pleaded helplessly. "But you must have known that I have only waited a moment, a little moment to tell you—some chance away from the crowd."

His talk was only a whisper—words low and hurried. He slipped the great smothering beard and cap attached to it from his face and head. "There's only a minute—they'll break in; but can't you guess the words that I would say! I want you, sweet, to be my—to be Mrs. Kris Kringle. Not one Christmas, but all the snowy days and all the summer time."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Tell me, Genevieve. Say it."

"Only to-night I wondered if I was to love alone—to be broken hearted," she said. "Happy Mrs. Kris Kringle to be," and she nestled closer to him as he bowed his head.

A quiet footstep sounded in the hallway below. Crane took in the situation—partially. "Here! It's not fair holding up Kris Kringle," he called up. "Look at this, will you?" he called back into the room below. The crowd of workers rushed to the lower hall.

"And he has his togs off!" said Murray, as he spied the efforts to get the beard and cap back on.

"We'll have to court martial him later on," said Crane, "for getting held up while on duty."

I was fixing his pack," said Genevieve.

The group in the hall laughed. "Well, come down, anyway. Everything's all ready," said Tillie. "Genevieve, you can stay up there, and we'll give you the signal when to waken the children."

A few moments later Kris Kringle was busy unloading his pack, and the young folks were arranging the toys on the tree. "I wonder where that doll-house is?" pondered Grace. "I thought that was one of the prettiest things in the lot."

Kris Kringle was very busy and apparently did not hear her query.

Then the little tots came down stairs, rubbing their eyes, but with every sense alive to the wonder of the night. The candles glowed and spluttered. The pretty toys gleamed from the green boughs, and glorious old Kris Kringle, beneficent and mysterious, shook his round body in glee and vanished up a false chimney, while the children shouted joyfully at witnessing his long-heralded coming and going by the chimney route.

* * *

It was at breakfast the next morning that the engagement was announced. Tom was brave about it. "Let me tell you that Kris Kringle was not without his own gift last night," he said mysteriously, and rising from his chair, he stood by Genevieve.

"We didn't have much time, so long explanations are not in order this morning, either. But this modern Kris Kringle found the stairway a much finer route than the chimney last night." He stooped and kissed the confused girl.

"The girls can do that, too," he said. "I'm sorry for the fellows."

There was a rush at the happy young people.

"And to think I drew a 'blank' last night," moaned Murray.

JIM'S KID

By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods

I WAS hurrying for a train, not an uncommon thing for a suburban; indeed, it would seem to be the natural condition of affairs for people who seek repose by night, and good air on the instalment plan. When you spend a winter in the city you wish you had not; and when you stay in the suburbs, you constantly wish you were in town, for a concert, or a lecture, or the gatherings of choice spirits.

This particular year was an out of town season; and with it came early rising to attend a meeting of directors away out on Boston's Back Bay on one of its gutta-percha avenues.

The meeting lasted three hours; and in that time every director had been personally appealed to and had responded according to her individual conscience or intelligence. It is wonderful to note the great earnestness of women who accept such offices as a duty and spend time, strength and money to develop a charity, or to create some new industry or comfort for their own sex.

Every one was as grave and thoughtful as a judge, and yet she had not any motive but the good of others; women unknown to her, or to come after her.

The "almighty dollar" does not, as a rule, get into woman's work for humanity, save for its betterment.

The long session ended at last; and it wanted ten minutes to train time, that would admit of a rapid trip to the great Union Station, provided the street cars were not blocked. I had ordered a favorite dinner that night, for it was damp and chilly and the human engine requires steam making

power. The car was delayed by a broken down team, and there was nothing left for us but a hurried run the entire length of the station.

Just as I was passing through the gate a hand tugged at my coat and a voice said: "Oh, lady, don't you remember Jim?"

Thinking of some attempt to extort money, and yet full of pity for the old-young face looking up into mine, I said: "I know several boys of that name; what is your trouble? I am in haste, and must make my train."

"I hate to bother you, lady, but don't you remember Jim Bunker, that you took to your house for a country week once, and doctored his sore foot?"

A new light came to me, and I said as the train moved out, "Do you mean the boy whose foot was crushed by a dray?"

"Yes, lady; well, that was Jim, and he never forgets you, and you just ought ter hear him talk about it nights when we can't sleep."

"Why, that was several years ago," I said, as a crowd of memories rushed in upon me and the waves of a sea of sorrow seemed to surge and beat once more in my ears.

"Yes, lady, you are right; it's ten years; Jim's got it marked down in his allmernack, and he's just twenty, and I'm most eighteen, only my back bein' queer, I'm small."

"What's your name?"

"Toody Lacey. We live in the same house, Jim and me, and you know'd my mother; don't you mind the things you brought her one night when the snow was blowing?"

"I had forgotten it, Toody; but where is the mother?"

"She's—she's—dead," said the lad slowly, and with a quivering lip, but I know'd you in a minute, an' when I seed you comin' up into the station on the run, I sez, I mean to tell her about Jim; she'll help him, and I know she ain't forgot."

"And what did Jim say?"

"Oh, he said: 'she's been off to Europe, and had a lot of trouble, and she don't visit the 'sociated charities no more, and maybe she don't care about us poor folks now.'

"I sez to myself, once kind, always kind; and I jes' couldn't stand it to see Jim so down, an' knowin' how he always called you 'Our Lady' as if you truly belonged to us; so I jes' said, she can't more than send me off, and anyway I'll try to help Jim."

"Does Jim live far away?"

"Only two or three blocks in Dampers' Alley; if you could come, maybe it would help him like it did when the foot was hurt."

The station clock indicated the approach of another train, and after that a long interim. It might mean much or little to me, even with the glowing fire, the warm dinner, and the books and comforts of home. It might also mean a life saved or wrecked for Jim.

"Yes, I'll go with you, and we will see what we can do," I said.

The little, deformed figure at my side seemed suddenly transformed; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks grew rosy, and he glided in and out among the teams like an elf, every now and then smiling at me from the sidewalk when he had securely passed a crowded corner and waited there for me.

In and out we went until we reached Dampers' Alley, and there, in a dreary tenement house at the very top, under the roof, Toody opened the door of a room with the air of a proprietor.

"Jim, Jim!" he shouted, "Here's our lady. Now the Kid will get well."

The boy's triumphant tone caused a young man who was crouched by a little fire in an old broken stove, to rise and say half reproachfully, "Oh, Toody, you oughtn't to trouble her, she's had trouble enough without us."

"I am glad to see you again, Jim, and pleased that Toody understands me better than most; I want to help you; now tell me all about the trouble."

"It's mostly all trouble, lady; there's little fun for workin' folks like us, and I have tried hard; but trying don't bring good luck."

"Let me show her the Kid," said Toody, who seemed to be master of ceremonies. He brought the baby to me with a triumphant air. I looked into the face of one of the prettiest babies I had ever seen.

"Is it yours, Jim?" I asked.

"Yes, lady."

"And the mother, Jim?"

Something like an expression of pride and anger crept into the young man's face as he answered: "The mother was my wife; Toody's sister, and she's—"

"Oh," I said, as I laid my hand on Jim's, "and you are only a boy in years after all."

"She was delicate, you know, and when her mother died she had Toody to care for, and she worked too hard; so I went to the minister and married her knowin' that some one might speak an evil word of her, and I did my best for little Mary."

Jim's chest rose and fell with suppressed emotion, and Toody came bravely to the rescue.

"He just did dote on her, and was that kind he'd go without things to eat to get 'em for her, and when the baby came it was the best dressed kid in the alley," said Toody.

"We were getting on well until the trouble, and now I have only the baby to work for," said Jim.

"And the baby is not strong, Jim?"

"Not very, just now, and that's my worry; folks may be good, and mean to be kind, but the Kid is mine, and there ain't man or woman who has a right to rob me of her."

Jim's eyes glowed with anger, and I said:

"Jim, I honor you for that fatherly love; only a few weeks since I saw a man, dressed like a gentleman, going about asking people to take his children for adoption. He gave one to one family, and another to another, and the third one he asked a friend of mine to provide for. Think of that; an able-bodied man giving away his own flesh and blood because he wanted to marry another woman who would not be troubled with the children."

"What can you do when they send folks here and tell me I can't keep my own?" said Jim. "Why, lady, I worked for her before she came; I've set up nights to nurse her, and every hour of my life I feel paid; she's mine, and God knows it; and why should they meddle with her?"

"Don't worry, Jim," I said, "we will manage it somehow; do you remember the talks we had out in the garden that summer about being the master of our fate, and each one captain of his own soul? Well, Jim, you deserve to be a captain, and you shall tell me your story while I coddle the baby; she is a beauty, Jim, a real beauty. Toody, will you please go to the nearest market and get some things for me? We must celebrate my return, you know."

Throwing off my wrap, I took the child in my arms while Jim hurried up the fire. Although his face was haggard and already marked with care, I saw that nature had designed him for

an athletic man, and when his mind was at rest he had been called one of the best workers about the wharves. He knew every fruiter that came into Boston by name, he knew her tonnage, her officers and men, and could tell exactly what a cargo would be worth. All Jim needed was "a helping hand," a lift up, a little encouragement and good advice.

He had evidently been hunted and badgered, and was getting discouraged. Jim's horror of losing his child had made him almost savage.

It was a touching story which he told me, of Mary's life and childlike trust in him; of the way she talked of Toody and the Kid, feeling sure that Jim could care for both; and now, when an officious but well-meaning committee had told him that his baby must have other care than his, he was driven almost to despair.

"What did you say to them, Jim?" I asked.

"Oh, lady, they have badgered me until I hardly dared go to work. Let 'em take kids without some one to love them. She don't want for care. There's Mrs. McNulty up stairs, that never gets a bit of money only what I give her for looking after my poor dear a bit, and there's Toody, who would die if little Mary was taken away; and lady, I've got a good temper if they don't wrong me, but I'll kill some one if they take my Kid. She's mine; mine to love and work for and keep, to laugh in my face when I come in, and to say 'Dad, Dad,' and to sleep close to me at night. Do you think I mind the care? Not a bit; she's my own little lassie, and when I'm down there on the wharf a-working I just say for every dollar, this is something for the Kid when she grows up; and I never drink a drop with the boys, or even smoke, as I used to; just to save for her and get her somewhere

in a small home by and bye, when she's big enough to know about it. I should go mad if they took her away from me, it angers me so."

He had unconsciously raised his voice, and it trembled with emotion. As he uttered the last words the door opened and an old woman leaning on a cane entered.

"Whist now, Jamsie dear," she said, "they won't get her from you, an' it's worryin' every minute of your life, ye are, over it.

"Ah, good evenin' to you, lady; did you come to bother an' fret the poor boy, too?"

"She's our lady," said Jim quickly, and with a bit of pride.

"Indade, is it, thin? Well, now, Jamsie, all the trouble is over, for I towld ye something would turn up before Froiday night, when the woman said she should have the Kid put in a home; so the lady ye've talked and talked about has come; welcome to you, mam, for theirsakes! Many's the story the poor boys have tould me of ye."

"Were they coming for the child this week?" I asked.

"Yes, miss; you see they trusted me to get her ready when Jamsie was out; but I jist sez to meself, maybe ther's a law as good as yours, and some one will turn up to fight for Jamsie and the little one.

"Toody an' meself has had to watch night an' day to kape thim off, and thin they got a new docther, to say she must be took care of, and it seemed as if there was nothing we could do to kape her ourselves, and her all Jim's."

It was wonderful to note Jim's knowledge of babies; he had taken from the public library every book of instruction which he could find; he had done more than many a rich father, by going to a first class dentist for

advice about teething; he was wise concerning Mellen's Food and sterilized milk; and as to dress, the child was dressed according to the most approved methods described in the "Mothers' Journal."

Despite all this care, the little one needed a kind hand to help it over a perilous part of its journey. Jim had a little tub to bathe her in, and no human being was allowed to do that but himself.

It was time now for little Mary to be undressed and made ready for bed, and while Toody and myself prepared the food for our little company, Jim brought out from behind a curtained recess a baby basket which he had fashioned like those in the shop windows.

"It is something like one I saw at your house," he said with a smile. Then Jim sat down near the fire and bathed the little one, putting as much tenderness and love into every movement as any mother could possibly do. It made my heart throb to watch him as he worked; surely Jim's Kid was rich in love. A little later, when I offered to take her again, Jim surprised me by saying: "It's better not to break over the rules; she's used to taking her supper and going to bed before we have ours."

The wisdom of this was apparent; and after we had all petted her a few moments, she went behind a curtain, and her little gurgling sleepy song soon carried her away to the land of Nod.

"I don't forget what you told me about sanitary matters so long ago, and we do the best we can for her. Toody is neat and the air is better for her high up, so we stay here." He was a boy in years, but a mature man in experience.

It was an odd party; Mrs. McNulty pouring tea with the air of a duchess,

and Toody in a high chair to reach the table, and Jim with his strong, sad face.

The guest of honor was only too glad to hear about all the trials and perplexities of the past ten years, and when she left, Jim took her hand and kissed it as gracefully as any courtier of the olden time.

We had made all our plans to take baby away to my home for a time.

"Would Jim trust her with me for two weeks?"

"Quicker than any living soul," was the ready reply.

"Then," I said, "you must pick up her things to-night, with Mrs. McNulty to help you and to-morrow I will come in on an early train and borrow your baby. Could you manage to get away early, Jim, to spend Sunday with us?"

"It would be easy just now," said Jim, "for there's little doing at the wharf until Monday afternoon or Tuesday, when perhaps another fruit steamer will be in."

"Then I shall borrow Toody also to act as nurse, and Mrs. McNulty will get your meals for you when you are not with us. You must promise to be very patient, because it means keeping little Mary without further trouble; I will watch over her myself."

Did you ever try to put a strange baby in the crib where your own darling had rested until it went away into the silence of the unknown?

Did you ever hold close to your heart the baby of some other mother, who has also entered the silence?

If you have you will know what little Mary's coming meant.

The sacredness of the home is never invaded if we are truly unselfish. A human pang may enter the heart as we look at the familiar things long since covered from sight, and tears will fall over what might have

been, but through the tears like a rainbow of promise comes the restful thought of those words spoken so long ago: "As ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me."

So Jim's Kid came, and the very sunshine and love which surrounded her entered into her physical life, and she grew bravely. Each day marked some improvement; she had her mother's beauty, and Jim's strength; all she needed was the help so many little ones require at the right moment. It was comforting too, to note Jim's delight and pride.

When it was proposed that baby should remain longer than the two weeks, he said with a dignity which made him every inch a gentleman:

"It's all beautiful of you, lady, and yet I must support my own: if you will kindly let me do something for you in return, I should be proud to have her with you for a spell longer."

Nothing could exceed the genuine joy and delight of Jim's coming on Saturday nights. The baby crowed, and gurgled and laughed, and Toody was hilarious. The entire household entered into their pleasure. The glory of living only reaches its fulfillment when we see the great mystery of a little child growing from helplessness to strength under our very eyes.

Jim was a man worth knowing, even in his twentieth year; an American, proud of his birthright and loyal to all the institutions of his native land. He was a living example of the power of true manliness against environment and heredity.

It was pleasant to see his interest in matters about the home which sheltered his darling so long; he saw a vine to be pruned, a tree to slip, a rose to train, and with a modest "If you would like to have me," he went to work.

Toody was a model nurse. All the



"He brought this book to me one day while Mary slept
in her hammock under the trees, beside a table
always spread with books and work in fair weather"

movements of his sacred charge had been carefully written down in a grocer's account book which some one had given him. It was an original "Baby's Kingdom," and under the usual heading he had written:

"Toody Lacey

In account with

Jim's Kid."

He brought this book to me one day in the early summer, while Mary slept in her hammock under the trees, beside a table always spread with books and work in fair weather.

"Maybe you won't mind the writing," he said shyly; "but there's the day there she cut her first tooth, and the rest of it. Jim and me read it over on Sundays, and I'll have to get a bigger book now, since we come to Paradise; that's what we call your place, you know."

I did not know.

Jim came one Saturday with good news; he had found three rooms over a loft not far from the wharf, which the owner said he might fix up to suit himself if he would act as watchman for the building. There was plenty of lumber to be had for a small sum near by, and would we please advise him about fixing it up.

What a delight it was to plan for Jim's new home!

One beautiful morning when the sun danced on the waters of the harbor, and the sound of traffic in the streets below was surging restlessly, I went to the warehouse with Jim, and there we planned and arranged affairs with the pleasure known only to those who enjoy creating, and crying victory over obstacles.

A kind-hearted fellow workman on the wharf was helping Jim. New, clean floors had been laid, the high windows were carefully protected with strong bars, and the largest room had been divided by a partition.

It required several weeks of work to put it in order, and help came from unexpected quarters.

Toody was left at home one day in Paradise to care for Mary, and a stout servant assisted in putting up curtains, placing a shelf here, a chair there, and making the whole place sweet and sanitary.

While we were thus engaged, and the last tacks were being driven in a neat matting for Mary's room, a strong voice exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, is this my old warehouse? Why, I shouldn't mind living here myself."

The speaker was the rich merchant, Jim's landlord; and when he sat in one of the rocking chairs, which seemed to fit in exactly here, as it had never done elsewhere, and looked from the window, he said, with a shake of his head:

"Madam, I have nothing half so fine in my house on Commonwealth Avenue. I think I must ask permission to come here now and then for a glimpse of the water."

"You will be most welcome, I am sure; Jim fully appreciates this opportunity to make a home for his little family."

"Would you mind telling me something of that boy?" he asked, "unless, indeed, I am intruding and delaying your work."

"We have only one or two curtains to put in place, and then I am at your service."

While the maid assisted me in arranging the curtains, I sometimes stole a glance at the shapely head with its crown of silver hair at the window.

A sadness rested on the handsome face, which losses and crosses could not scar, since peace was within. He was evidently thinking of the past, and memory hangs her gay pictures side by side with her sad ones.

When my task was finished, I told him all I knew of Jim; of his fatherless lot, of his mother's death, of his earnest struggle to keep his promise made to her, and remain in school until he had finished his course in the grammar grade; of his strange, early marriage, his sorrow and trials, and of the blessed baby known as Jim's Kid. Toody was not forgotten; his devotion and love were part of the story.

When my tale was told, I looked at the rich merchant; his eyes were full of tears, which he hastily brushed away as he rose to his feet.

"Thank you, Madam, thank you; your story has converted me; to my shame be it said. I have permitted others to influence me until my vision has been distorted concerning our workmen. The true American working man deserves a good home; he deserves our hearty co-operation, and I am glad that Jim has such a friend as yourself. I liked the boy's face, but I have hitherto been a failure in training my own boys, and you must not let me spoil Jim.

"I chanced to meet him on the wharf one day, and when he asked me if I would like to have a small family live in warehouse 63, for the care of it, the idea rather pleased me. He has a good face. Let me know your plans for him." He handed me a card and went quickly down the stairs.

How proud Jim was when he learned that his new landlord had been his first guest.

It is now nearly two years since Jim, the baby and Toody entered their home, high above the streets. The landlord has added a fine bath to the comforts of the place, and also many little conveniences which Jim never asked for.

In the summer evenings the wealthy merchant, who understands fully the

need of supervision in all business, and who often remains in town when his family are at a fashionable resort, sometimes goes down to the warehouse where Jim has a window seat expressly for him, and he takes in his arms little Mary and rejoices the heart of Toody, the patient one, by telling stories of the time when he too was a poor lad and worked hard for his living.

Mary is very proud of this fine old gentleman, and claims him for her own, as she puts her tiny fingers into his silken white hair. Sometimes, but not often, he speaks of another little girl who went away long, long ago, who once nestled in his arms.

Dear little Mary, motherless and yet well mothered, poor and yet rich. Wealth with all its blessings and its responsibilities can never buy human tenderness or loving care.

Sometimes when the evening shadows are falling on sea and land, the tired men upon the wharves sit about and chat with each other, or listen to the stories of sailors just in from a long voyage, and very often their eyes will be turned upward to a window overlooking the water, where a young man sits with a little golden haired child in his arms, singing to her while she claps her hands gaily or pats his cheek.

The sailors know her and throw her many salutes, or send up to her odd nursery from time to time, little gifts which their kind hearts prompt.

They all love her; and one old man who has been on the wharf since his early boyhood looks morning and night for the wave of a little hand at the upper windows of "63." He calls her the "angel of the warehouse," but the younger men are proud of their "mascot," and give her the name she has borne since the day of her birth, "Jim's Kid."



Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

A LITTLE girl sits in a swing, drowsily crooning a tune to her doll; a small boy kneels on the hearth in the firelight diligently printing a letter to Santa Claus. Who can say that the dream of life in those baby brains is not equally important with that of more mature minds? Only those, one fancies, who hold the land of imagination to be dangerous ground, and that because their own strength is insufficient to carry them so far beyond material soil.

Every classical fairy tale, every line of "Mother Goose," every characteristic of the little old man "with a little round belly, that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly" is symbolical of actual events in the history of mankind. Each imaginative appeal to the childish mind ingrains certain important impressions impossible of acquisition in mature years. Santa Claus driving for dear life his eight tiny reindeer from house to house is the symbol of all the religion tiny brains can comprehend; for that benevolent gentleman is the finest type ever created of kindness, good cheer and generosity. The very thought of him implants in the child's mind the impulse of giving.

When parents with super-conscientious natures decide to rob their child-

ren of all childish imaginative joys, owing to a fear of the bad effect of later disillusionment upon the child, they rob youth of its most innocent delight, and turn their children into unhappy little prigs. The actual facts of existence shorn of all poetry and light come soon enough to their minds, naturally and gradually. Why deprive the mature realities of imaginative charms by destroying in infancy the power to dream dreams, and so beautify necessary hardships? Violets and potatoes both serve a good purpose; the one to sweeten life, the other to strengthen. It would not make a man stronger to destroy all the violets and the colors of a sky when the sun sinks to rest amid marvellous waves of beauty, but it might arouse in him hatred of bare facts, or sink him lower than the beasts.

Santa Claus, Old Mother Hubbard, Alice in Wonderland, Goody Two-Shoes, Little Red Riding-Hood and many other particularly fine dream people constitute the best friendships of childhood, and the roots of all literary culture.

The signal success of Kindergarten teaching is attained by means of poetic object lessons. Each Kindergarten song touches poetically upon some fact in nature. That lively one about Jack Frost who is "a roguish

little fellow," and beside doing many other very natural things, makes little girls say "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and makes little boys say "Ho! Ho! Ho!" teaches at least half a dozen practical facts, attractively clothed to interest the childish mind and hold its pleased attention.

Leave the babies their dreams—the sunshine they bring from Heaven!



THE DANGER OF INDEPENDENCE

IT would seem that the All-wise in distributing features, temperaments and attributes to man saw fit to bestow nothing flawless, hoping thus to promote charitable judgment from one imperfect creature to another.

Independence like all other attributes has its shallow waters and mud flats where one wades at peril of one's neck.

In our own country in several particular sections the independence of those who procure their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, in right honorable Biblical fashion, is not only painfully disagreeable to their employers and all those with whom they come in contact, but their extremity of independence, spelled with a capital I, slowly but positively undermines their own moral constitution and that of their progeny.

When a poor woman, greatly in need of money, takes in washing with a haughty pitch and toss of her head "merely to oblige" her patrons, independence has weakened her brain and character beyond hope of restoration. Truth could teach her, were she forced to listen, that honest independence would take honest pride in honest labor. The independence that knows shame in any righteous labor is falsely named. There are entire communities in the United States, the home of Democracy, where this spirit is rampant; no service can

be procured in these sections for love nor money; provisions are higher than in the markets of great cities because the farmers and poultry-men are sufficiently independent to ask the most advanced market prices; consequently, newcomers of whatever estate are driven off by the unfair price of living and by the impudence of the inhabitants, something the latter little suspect, nor do they care—for this very aggressive independence is their pet pride. As a result, in such localities the farms are abandoned by the third and fourth generations, whose inherited independence has outgrown even their parents' and neighbors', and who go to swell the metropolitan list of unfortunates, except where some particularly bright boy or girl distinguishes himself or herself in spite of the weakening, sappy independence bred in his bone.

Every true man or woman is independent—but that fact does not necessitate shame of honest labor nor call for a flaming advertisement on every tree and rock. Independence is the silent companion of the upright; unobtrusive but omnipresent, steadfast and uncomplaining. The moment a man blushes in shame of honest labor he loses his identity; slinks back into the shadow of manhood where his independence can be correctly labelled False Pride.

Work is the most reliable clause in the scheme of creation; without occupation man would drag lower than the swine. He is master of the world by right of his own great works.



THE QUIET PEOPLE

SCATTERED here and there throughout our country are the quiet people, than whom none would be more surprised at being praised for unusual accomplishments. These are the people, who, without any special

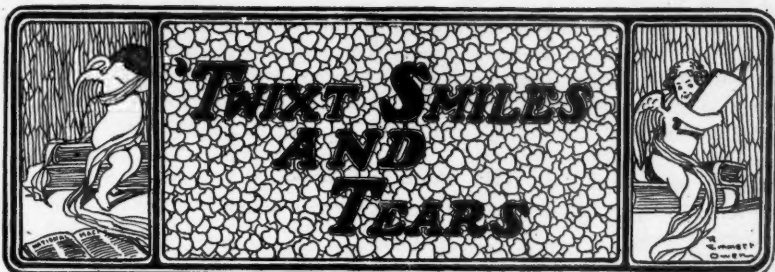
effort, altogether unconsciously where their relations to their own community is concerned, make for an abiding culture, moral and mental. Invariably they pursue even, uneventful lives to the outward seeming; but far back under a quiet exterior thrive impulses and romantic imaginings worthy of Richard the Lion-Hearted. This imaginative spirit, handicapped by limited powers of expression, and frequently extreme self-consciousness, finds outlet and consolation in the achievement of other men. Oftentimes the quiet people's thoughts rise secretly to a level so far beyond their noisier neighbors that only the society of thinkers, whom posterity has elevated to the seats of the Mental Gods can give them companionship and sympathy.

These quiet people form the army of self-made culture, whose unpretentious efforts towards the highest understanding compete with colleges for the spread of that true feeling for knowledge and beauty necessary to the fullest development of mankind. Primarily these people are thinkers, not talkers. Their keenest pleasure is found during those moments when their hidden emotions rise to perfect understanding of what a great man has said or done. In books is to be found the real world of life to them; not books classed merely as the latest fictional sensation, but in novels, biographies, histories—anything in which there glows lasting vitality and the impulse to mental activity. They are the people who buy books at any sacrifice; the people who not only possess all of the so-called "standard works" but read them, too. In every com-

munity there are a few such people silently working out the culture of the nation by unconscious example.

I once knew a bachelor out in a middle-western state, whose daily occupation was entirely prosaic. He lived, for the most part, in the country, as the representative of a Farmers' Insurance Company. His day's work once disposed of conscientiously and successfully, as was the rule with him, he moved up into the society of mental noblemen where he felt at home and deeply content. His private library and ever-growing mental refinement influenced his neighborhood more permanently than did the college not far distant. This quiet man not only read helpful books, he thought about them—something lamentably infrequent in our day of superabundant literature. College life is chiefly important as it rubs one kind of raw material against other kinds of raw material, sandpapering the cub out of youth and paring smoothly the skin of self esteem; afterwards pointing out the highway to self-development. With or without college, men and women who reach distinction or the mental eminence of the quiet people must take themselves in hand and industriously model themselves into desirable proportions. This world is to each man exactly as he sees it. If he neither sees nor hears the autumn leaves as they fall from the tree under which he stands, there are no leaves falling for him. The quiet richness of the world is a mine for whose working few of us are sufficiently equipped by nature; but no man is so poorly endowed that he cannot beg or borrow the necessary tools.





HIRAM'S FAM'LY TREE

I RECOLLECK when I wuz young
 I clum an apple tree,
 An' all ter once a lim' cracked off
 An' fell, ker smack! with me.
 One min'it I wuz feelin' smart
 Away up in the air;
 The nex', I dropped. I swan! I felt
 Right foolish lyin' there.

Well, when Hi Muggins' cousin Tom,
 Down York way, struck it rich,
 An' went an' wed a city gal
 With ancestors an' sich,
 Hi Muggins sez, "Dum blaze my hide!
 Her folks can't outdo me;
 Ef they kin sport a coat o' arms
 I'll hev a fam'ly tree!"

So Hiram he begun ter climb
 An' sort o' raise the dead
 A-nosin' roun' in dockyments
 An' graveyards. "fer," he said,
 "Thet's where a feller's got ter hunt
 Ter find his pedigree;
 They're sort o' branches thet you use
 Ter climb yer fam'ly tree."

The more thet Hiram hunted out
 O' them dead kin o' his
 The more Hi's notion o' the wuth
 O' Hiram Muggins riz;
 An' when he found thet his great-great-
 Gran'dad hed crossed the sea
 In seventeen-ten, he sot an' crowed
 Up in his fam'ly tree.

Et galled me some ter see his airs,
 But all I sez was, "Hi,
 I reckon she's a good stout tree,
 But don't you climb too high."
 But Hi sez, "Shucks! These I've found
 Ain't none o' high degree,
 I've got an idee there's a king
 A-top my fam'ly tree."

Well, Hi he writ ter England where
 His grandad's grandad's pa
 Hed lived, an' when his letter went
 He most talked off his jaw,
 A-tellin' us poor common folks
 How happy he wud be
 When he got word some earl or dook
 Wuz on his fam'ly tree.

Hi he hed clum plum out o' sight
 An' then there come one day
 A letter, an' et sez, "We've looked
 An' we regret ter say
 Thet Obadiah Muggins wuz,
 In sixteen ninety-three,
 A-caught a-stealin' money
 An' hung up on Tyburn tree."

So thet's how come thet Hiram is
 So meek an' lowly now;
 Becuz he kep' a clim'in'
 Till he struck a rotten bough,
 An' fell so hard et mashed him flat;
 Thet's why et seems ter me
 Et's risky fer us common folks
 Ter climb a fam'ly tree.

Ellis Parker Bullett

BOB'S CHRISTMAS SLEIGHRIDE

SAM was a colored person who for some years experienced the ups and downs incident to running a passenger elevator in a Newark office building. He was a man of few words, and so far as known never indulged himself in but one story, which is perhaps the reason why it was more generally believed than it would otherwise have been. This instructive narrative had to do with his predecessor in the lift, one Bob, also of a darksome cast of countenance. It appears that Bob hailed from the extreme South, and that his first labors in the north were in the elevator. The approach of winter greatly interested Bob, and at the first light fall of snow he worked himself up into a state of considerable excitement. His overmastering ambition became to have a sleighride, a pleasure with which he was as unacquainted as with the pastimes of the Ahkoond of Swat.

"An', sah," Sam would continue, "that fool Bob he jess talk 'bout nothing else but sleighride from morning tell night. Didn't want to ride in

no grocer's sleigh, nor no public keb sleigh, nor even wiv anybody—jess wanted a sleigh of his own an' to go sailing off in state like a gentleman. So jess 'fore Christmas he begins to brace everybody that he was in the habit of tooking up 'n' down to help

him out so he could have a ride on his day off. Well, day all liked Bob, and was willing to 'sist him. Says Mistah Billings, who has the office on the seventh: 'I gotter old cutter youse welcome to, Bob. But there ain't no seat to it.' Bob he thanked him an' 'gun to hustle for a seat. Finally Mr. Buck, who's on the third, told him he could let him have a buggy seat. Then Mistah Parsons, who's on the sixth, said he'd lend him a robe an' a whip. Next Mistah Alexander, who's on the seventh, told him he could give him a

string of sleigh bells. It was the hoss that was hard to come at. He even got the harness fust—from Mistah Ward on the fofh. But at last, jess the day before, Mistah Grove who's on the fif' an' who's in the wholesale ice business, says to him, says he: 'I'll give you a lift, Bob—you've give me

THE SAME OLD SEASON

THE same old Christmas will soon be here,
With the same old joys to share:
With the same old games we've always played,
The same old punch, and the same old fare.

We'll respond to the same old query:
"Will you have dark meat or light?"
And whether we take the light or dark—
'Tis the same old bird, all right.

There'll be the same old Christmas tree,
Decked out in the same old way:
With the same old toys, the same popcorn;
The same old Santa, and the same old sleigh.

There'll be the same old horns to blow,
The same old candles to burn;
And the same red wagon under the tree—
With wheels that refuse to turn.

Under the same old mistletoe bough
We shall find the same old miss,
With the same old patient, expectant air—
Still in wait for the same old kiss.

The same smug babe will be there too,
And require the same old praise,
(And the same old fib: "How like his pa!")
Expressed in the same old ways.

We'll make the same old presents,
And receive the same old things:
The same old slippers—a size too small—
The same old books, and the same old rings.

* * *

The same old Christmas will soon be here,
With the same old joys to share—
And God be praised in the same old way
If the same old faces greet us there.

Maitland Leroy Osborne



enough of 'em—I'll let you tek one of my hosses. Go down to the stables at the dock an' my men will give you one.' Well, Bob was mighty tickled, an' he was up bright 'n' early Christmas morning hustling 'round an' get-

ting his things together. At last he was ready to start, an' he clumb in, the proudest darkey in Newark. He set up straight as a candle, an' he cracks his whup an' off he goes jess like greased lightning for precisely

seventy-five feet. Then dat hoss he stop like he run agin a stone wall, an' he back up precisely seventy-five feet. Then he go ahead again, then he back up again, an' so he keep on. You see, sah, he was a hoisting hoss, used to yanking a cake of ice up out of the boat at the aind of a rope, an' then backing up for another. Jess a-shuttling back'ard an' for'ards was all Bob could mek him do, but I reckon Bob was satisfied—could say he'd had a sleighride anyway. Reckon his jess going up 'n' down all the days he'd worked sort o' reckerciled him to jess back an' for'ard on his hollerdays."

Hayden Carruth

WHAT UNCLE WILLIE THINKS

SUCH foolishness I never saw As lately has come over maw, An' almos' bad as her's my paw, But worst of all's my brother-'n-law! I has t' keep as still's a mouse When I go down t' sister's house, Er else I'll wake that "preshus dove"— The kid that I'm the uncle of!

He jus' arrived las' week one day— I'd lief es not he'd stayed away Till I got big, 'cause now, ye see, The figs an' thing Sis buys for me Why, he'll git big enough t' eat! Maw says: "Now, Willie, ain't he sweet?"

I wonder if they 'spec' I'll love That kid that I'm the uncle of?

He never says a thing but "goo!"— Jes think—an' he's my neffew, too! An' once they give me him to hold— They act as though they think he's gold!—

He ain't my style I'd have 'em know, An' nex' time I'll jus' tell 'em so, When off on me they try to shove That kid that I'm the uncle of!

Roy Farrell Greene

TOMMY'S FIRST SWEETHEART

IT was late in August. School was looming up again, and Tommy did not look forward to its beginning with any special delight. Besides—and it seemed the last straw—the family were all invited to "company tea" at Uncle Ephraim's.

"Tommy! Hello, Tommy!" That was Tommy's chum, familiarly known as "Pickles." "What you staying in the yard for? Going to have a circus up in Blashfield's barn. Come on!"

"Can't," replied Tommy, trying hard to appear unconcerned. "They're going to have us to tea at Uncle Ephraim's."

"Drather have the circus. Oh, say; come along!"

Tommy shook his head. "It's going to be an awful nice supper," he said stoutly.

"Greedy!" retorted Pickles. "Who's a pig? Stiffy!" And Pickles went off whistling.

"Come, Tommy!" he heard his mother call. "We're going into Uncle Ephraim's to tea, you know."

As if Tommy did not know it!

"There's *such* a pretty little girl at Uncle Ephraim's, Tommy! Be sure you scrub your hands very clean; little girls are so particular."

There was to be a girl, then, into the bargain! One of those unpleasant creatures that made eyes at you from some safe corner and giggled if you came near her. Tommy followed his mother into Uncle Ephraim's with his loins girt up for battle.

The others were there already, seated in all the state of "company." There was a lady whom Tommy did not know, and by her side was a little girl who came forward when her mother beckoned to her.

"Tommy, dear, this is Mabel Langdon; I want you to know each other."

The little girl came up to Tommy.

"I'm real glad to see you," she said, in a confidential tone. "You don't want to stay here with all these grown people, *do* you? Come into the other room with me."

Tommy's heart beat faster. What fairy was this, at whose glance malice melted away and heart thrills took its place?

"There!" she exclaimed. "Don't you like a big window-seat like this? What do you like to play?"

"Jackstones are pretty good," Tommy replied, looking off into space; whereupon this Phenomenon fished out an entire set from some mysterious hiding-place and threw them forth with a graceful sweep.

Tommy was no fumbler, however. He kept ahead until they came to "tables," but she gathered the lions into their den with incredible swiftness and rode the elephant with consummate dexterity.

"You beat me," he said simply; he was beyond either surprise or reproach.

The company filed out to supper.

"Come, children!" Uncle Ephraim called out. "You'd better sit together; guess you won't quarrel." He laughed. Tommy somehow wished he hadn't.

The supper progressed bravely; Mabel chose tongue in place of ham and declined doughnuts, and Tommy felt a certain unaccountable satisfaction in doing likewise; but when Mabel refused jelly with her cake he learned that devotion has its cost.

"No jelly, Tommy!" cried Uncle Ephraim; whereupon Mabel gave Tommy a slight but effective pinch, whispering almost savagely:

"Take some jelly, quick!"

There was no disobeying that order.

"I guess I will, if you please," said Tommy, flushing.

"What did you want to be so silly for



"'I—like you too,' Mabel replied, so low that Tommy could just catch the words."

at supper-time?" Mabel said, as she and Tommy were standing in the front yard in the early twilight.

Tommy looked distressed. "I—I thought p'rhaps you'd like it," he stammered; and then, with desperate courage, "I like you—very much indeed!"

Few women, old or young, are insensible to whole-hearted devotion.

"I—like you, too," Mabel replied, so low that Tommy could just catch the

words: but the whisper was sufficient. There was a little silence; "The star of love and dreams" shone in the fading west. Then came a clatter of footsteps on the sidewalk and a rush of small boys went by; Pickles leading. Shrill on the air came the refrain:

*"Tommy Bradley, so they say,
Goes a-courting night and day;
Sword an' pistol by his side,
And—"*

but Mabel merely walked sedately into the house, while Pickles, at a loss for the correct name, fell back on the conventional

"Je-mi-ma shall be his bride!"

"Do you—care?" queried Tommy, following her in anxious haste.

"Care?" echoed Mabel. "What for?" But there was something in her manner that made Tommy hesitate.

"Oh, nothing!" he muttered. "Never mind."

"I don't," rejoined Mabel, half scornfully; and then they laughed together; it was a laugh that confirmed a treaty. It was time to go home.

"We are very glad to have seen you, Tommy," Mabel's mother said as he stood ready to take leave. "Perhaps, Mabel, Tommy would like to kiss you good-night."

Tommy blushed, but he stepped forward; Mabel gave a little giggle and fled, leaving him standing there, half angry and half ashamed.

"Missed it that time, didn't you, Tommy?" chuckled Uncle Ephraim.

Then Tommy walked out of the room in silence, with his head held high; his breast heaved a little, but he must not cry; he was too big a boy for that!

There was a pressure of something soft, warm and tender upon his cheek—he turned quickly, but caught only the patter of retreating footsteps; and when he stumbled back into the parlor,

full of a tingling bliss, Mabel was standing demurely by her mother. She shot one sidelong glance at him and it sufficed.

Tommy fell asleep that night with a vague feeling that the universe held little else than a pair of soft, blue eyes, two red lips and some unconsidered trifles in the way of features, all framed in flowing brown hair. That vacation was nearly over mattered nothing; there was Mabel's face—and her kiss.

Arthur Chamberlain

HER WEDDING EVE

THEY had all gone at last. Even Phyllis Raymond, who was to be the maid of honor, had been coaxed into owning that she was sleepy, and was promptly disposed of in the "spare room."

Mrs. Merrill lingered to tuck Margaret safely in bed. There was a mist before her eyes as she bent over her daughter in the firelight. Perhaps she was looking back through the years to another wedding eve—but it all seemed long ago.

"Good-night, dearie," she whispered, "and God keep you happy and good!"

When she had gone, Margaret lay quite still, staring with wide eyes into the embers. "I wonder," she said, half aloud, "if people are generally happy on the eve of their wedding day. I wonder"—She quivered a little; then, slipping out of bed, she drew on her dressing gown and slippers.

The little Dresden clock upon the mantle warned her that it was nearly twelve. But what did it matter?

She put fresh coals into the grate, and sinking down on her knees, fanned them into a cherry little blaze. Then she took down a photograph in a daintily carved frame, and gazed at it steadily. The face that looked

back at her was that of a man who had seen, perhaps, thirty-five years of life, and the lines about the eyes and mouth showed they had not been altogether years of ease. The brows were straight and even, the nose was a little too large for beauty, but there was something very winning about the firm mouth, and the gray eyes had a trick of looking straight into your own. Altogether, the face was a pleasing one.

"Oh, I ought to love you, John," she said, "but I'm not half good enough, you see!"

She put the picture back into its old place and took down a square sandalwood box instead. The breath of faded flowers floated out to her. There were the roses from May Price's bouquet. She, Margaret, had caught them, and one she had given to Lawrence Arthur that night in the carriage. The color came even now, when she thought of how he had treasured it. Dear Lawrence! She had sent him other roses, too, and some of them had been laid in his quiet, folded hands.

Then, there were the last violets that Ralph Morgan had brought her. Ralph had a passion for violets and spring poems.

"I will live in an aesthetic environment!" he had told her once, and then—he had married that red-headed Maud Evans, and both of the twins were cross eyed!

How the little tongues of flame licked up the dried blossoms, and crackled and snapped, and—left half a handful of ashes!

Now, another face was smiling up to her. Such a merry, boyish face it

was! There was a bulky package of letters, too, each with a foreign postmark. They began—but we all know how they began, for Richard Craven had loved her, and had gone home to England, vowing eternal constancy, as only a boy knows how. Margaret

"The moon had kissed the water into a sea of shimmering glory, and overhead had blossomed a harvest of silver stars."



laughed softly to herself as she fed them, with his wedding announcement, to the flames.

There were other letters, too, signed in a big, round hand, "Jim." How they brought back the warm June twilights, and the scent of the hay-

fields and wild roses, the gallops on Betty, and the long climbs up the canyon to where the lillies grew—and a thousand other things.

"Dear, good, old Jim!" she whispered. "Oh, I'm glad you don't know! You always told me I'd be true to my best self—my eyes said so—and to-morrow will be my wedding day!"

The sandalwood box was nearly empty now. Only one treasure was left, and Margaret sat looking quietly into the fire for a long time.

Was it only the wind rising, or was someone really humming the echo of a half forgotten song?

"And you shall be my sweetheart forever and a day."

She stretched out her arms hungrily. "Oh, Robert, I want you so!" she cried.

They were together again at drowsy old Stilicon. The moon had kissed the water into a sea of shimmering glory, and overhead had blossomed a harvest of silver stars. She could almost catch the ferns, their little boat glided so close to the bank's steep side. And the pines whispered above them. The wind had strawberries on its breath and syringia and wood violets.

"And you shall be my sweetheart forever and a day,"

sang a voice, and a hand had held hers close in the shadow.

If she could only stop remembering! If she could only forget forever the water and the woods of Stilicon!

She raised the last treasure of the little box—a collection of sketches signed "R. B.," the account of a brilliant society wedding and a pictured face, weak, but very beautiful, and laid them together upon the coals.

Then she crept shivering back to bed. "Forever and a day," hummed the

wind outside, "Forever and a day!"

The sun was peeping into her room when she awoke, and Phyllis was standing over her.

"Margaret Merrill," she cried, with mock solemnity, "you haven't a speck of romance about you—not one! This is your wedding day, and his train is due in less than two hours!" Then with a loving kiss, "Oh, Margie dear, you always were such a lucky mortal!"

Helen Ellsworth Wright

MY GOLFING GIRL

I KNOW a girl—a golfing girl;
Supple's her arm, and her glance is keen—

Up on the tee, she's a sight to see
When her ball goes sweeping a-down the green.

With a strong, swift fly and a bonnie twirl,
Away goes the ball of my golfing girl.

And never a slice, and never a pull,
But off she drives—strong, fair and true,
And the bloom gets deep on her cheek,
and full—

Too deep and too full for me and you.
Ours may twist and turn, we may
"dint" and "dirl,"

But clear goes the ball of my golfing girl.

There's fire in her cheek when she takes her cleek,
And swish through the air, with a living grace

She brings the iron. You dinna speak,
But you watch the glow on her winsome face.

On her brow there falls a dark brown curl,

At the second shot of my golfing girl.

Sparkles the e'e o that devil, the caddie,

As she tak's her putter and marks the cup—

Ye needna' doobt, my anxious laddie,
Ye'll be ane doon, but she'll be ane up:
No use to race for the flag, methinks,
When my golfing girl in on the links:
So here's to her figure, her face and her curl,

My sweet, merry, graceful, golfing girl.

David Duncan Fletcher



By Mrs. Mary Worthington

What are mural decorations? How are those painted by Sargent put on the walls of the Boston Public Library?

Mural decorations mean any form of decoration made part of a wall or ceiling, as paintings or frescos done permanently on the wall—not hung there temporarily. John Sargent's decorations of the Public Library occupy a domed space at one end of a great corridor at the top of the building. A number of the Biblical prophets are painted side by side, variously and characteristically occupied, thus forming a frieze; above, mounting to a covering of the dome, rises Sargent's greatly imaginative conception of the earliest religious history painted in glowing masses of color. These designs are not hung there like pictures, they are as much a part of the building as is wall paper of a wall.

Do authors of popular novels make all the money they are advertised to?

Some do and some don't. Sometimes a book's reputation hardly reaches beyond the inflated notices of its success sent out by its publishers; again a novel goes off like hot cakes through a great many editions, then falls flat on the market. Not a copy can be disposed of when the bottom drops out of its boom, therefore

the most profitable books are those that have a comfortable, steady unsensational sale lasting many years.

Do you consider it safe or strictly moral for a young husband to praise his wife's cooking regardless of fact?

No, I do not; for the reason that false praise never helped any one to do better. If a young wife is easily discouraged there are kind ways of keeping silent or suggesting better things for the future, but to tell anyone a thing is good when it is bad is anything but the act of a friend, and who is a friend to any wife if her husband is not? Complaining of her failure will only make bad worse but easing things along by silence or well-meant encouragement to try again is bound to sustain her through the most trying period of married life.

How is a man to overcome bashfulness in society or extreme self-consciousness when he tries to sing or recite in the parlor to his friends?

I have heard actors and singers say that there is only one way to overcome nervousness, which is nothing more than self-consciousness, and that is to concentrate your mind entirely upon what you are doing to the exclusion of any knowledge of people being about you or listening to you. When you get up to sing or recite your mind

is divided between the thing in hand and the great question to you as to what people are going to think of your performance. The result of this is nervousness and utter inability to do your best because your mind is not working fully and properly upon the song or recitation. I once knew a singer who was very nervous before going on the stage, and she could only control herself by saying over and over again to herself "They're all cabbages—nothing but cabbage heads. Not one in the audience knows half as much as I do about singing. Step out, young lady! They're all cabbage heads." This means that she was training herself to concentration upon her singing until there was no longer room in her brain for that awful vision of critical faces before her. Social bashfulness amounts to a disease, which can be cured by turning your mind by main force upon other people, whenever you come in contact with them, and off of yourself. Look people squarely in the face and listen carefully to what they are saying and you will forget entirely to remember yourself, about whom people are not thinking half so much as you give them credit for doing.

Is it safe for girls to write letters to men when they are not engaged to them?

That depends entirely upon what kind of letters a girl is in the habit of writing to men. A girl of lady-like discretion and honest refinement will have nothing to write nor say to men that the whole world could not see if necessary. If you lay yourself open to the disrespect of a male correspondent he will not, if a gentleman in the best sense of that word, care to hear further from you; if he is the other thing he will probably make common property of your letters and you will be held up to ridicule, if not to some-

thing worse. Discretion which does not by any means mean suspicion of all people, should be the first lesson taught a girl by her mother. The less you give of yourself in any way to a man, after the point of moderation is reached, the better for you and for him, too. A friendly exchange of letters between men and women is of great mutual benefit and entertainment, and there will be nothing to pay if you are careful to write only that which commonsense dictates to be right.

Do you consider the theatre a good place to take children?

No, as a general thing; but there are some plays which afford them harmless pleasure and instruction. The chief trouble in taking children to the theatre lies in the frequency with which unwise parents do take them. It is not the morale or action of the play so much that is harmful to the young mind as the continued or frequent excitement is harmful to the little nervous systems. Truth to tell, children understand very little of many of the plays they are taken to see; in fact nothing at all of those parts which might be dangerous to a growing mind could it fully comprehend the sentiment; but the excitement of theatre-going is bad for them, or anybody else, if taken in immoderate quantities, exactly as too much food or stimulating drink is. In the great cities of the United States there are children whose lives are fairly poisoned by excitement of this kind. Their parents buy them season tickets to certain theatrical performances supposed to be expressly for the amusement of children, and there boys and girls of from six to seventeen years can be seen several times a week all during the winter season filling their brains and nervous bodies with unhealthy food, which would not be in the least harmful were it taken temperately.



By Havre Sacque

Some Bright Robert Barrisms "It is unwise to nickname the opulent. We may be rich ourselves some day. . . . The general passenger agent is a suave and diplomatic individual who gets out attractive pamphlets with maps showing that his road goes in a direct bee-line from point to point, whereas in reality it may wander all over the land. And he will give you as many of the pamphlets as you want for nothing. . . . Even a conductor in a land of liberty has his rights—while his patience, like some of his trains, is limited." ("The Wizard of Wall Street.")

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The Cruise of the "Kirkby" Third Engineer James Gordon, as braw an Edinboro Scot as ever walked the deck of an ocean freighter, called recently at the Crow's Nest to say that since January 1, 1900, the nine-year old, seven-knot average, 4500-ton "Kirkby," has taken him some thirty thousand miles. Draw pencil marks on your map between the following points of her course and see what a queer shaped streak of lightning this ponderous West Hartlepool craft described: Cardiff on the Severn to St. Michaels, thence to Savannah, Ga., to Bremen on the Weser, to Hull, England, to Durban, Natal, across the Indian

ocean to Batavia and Swrabaya, Java, to Padang, Sumatra, back to Aden, Arabia, through the Suez canal to frowning Gibraltar, and thence to the Delaware breakwater and Boston Harbor, where the gallant craft freed herself from her cargo of Oceanica sugar and sheathing of equatorial barnacles, and took on a big load of oats for Liverpool. Here's hoping that Engineer Gordon and his violin (for he's a walking bundle of music-nerves) will have a safe and smooth voyage through the savage autumnal storms that sweep the Atlantic.

"The Border-slogan rent the sky
'A Home!—A Gordon!' was the cry."
(Flodden Field.)

※ ※ ※

Presidential Campaigning Good for Some Books Governor Theodore Roosevelt, who is nothing if not "strenuous" and refreshingly downright in all he does, comes home from an arduous campaign to find that his books, particularly his masterly "Cromwell," and his more reflective "Strenuous Life," are selling admirably—with an upward tendency that means bigger figures yet—perhaps as high as that monster plurality his admirers piled up for him. Then will The Century and Scribner companies be glad,

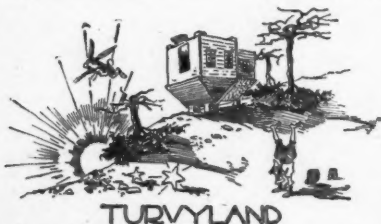
L. Frank Baum's marvellous "New Wonderland" will make him beloved by hosts of children, who don't forget

L. FRANK BAUM



Courtesy R. H. Russell, N. Y.

that he wrote last season's successful "Father Goose, His Book." Frank Verbeck's pictures are simply enchanting to the little ones. Try it on those



Courtesy R. H. Russell, N. Y.

of your ken and see. Note that the houses, trees and "March hares" have a decidedly queer way of conducting themselves in the accompanying design. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

§ § §

Mr. Dooley, Certes, it beseemeth me **Gallant** Mr. Dooley is exceeding **Crusader** well set up upon his legs of satire, by my halidome! Hail, Peter Dunne, Esq., Chicago! If the emperor wears no clothes, it suits you not to say his suit is fine. **Havre**

Sacque and all his relatives laughed until the tears came over your just published take off on the average romantic novel. There's as much truth as poetry in his remark "whin they added a foot an' a half to the lingham min's pants they tuk about a mile off their upper stories!"

§ § §

New England Country Story, "Quincy Adams Sawyer" wondered who he was, what he came for and how long

he intended to stay." Charles Felton Pidgin's keen, shrewd story of New England life published by the Clark Company, Boston, is one of the best of its growing kind yet published. Mr. Pidgin's work in the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics is but a step it seems, to literary labor of an exceedingly high order of merit.

§ § §

"Wanted: A Matchmaker"

The successful author of "Peter Sterling" and "Janice Meredith" has turned his pen temporarily in the direction of the "short story," and has presented a grateful public with one of the prettiest Christmas tales ever written. The little newsboy, Swat, and his remarkably life-like slang, are capitally done, and the romance of the young physician and a society girl make the best bit of love-making Mr. Ford has yet portrayed. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated by H. C. Christy, with supplementary decorations by Margaret Armstrong; and, in its holiday dress of holly, makes an exquisite Christmas gift. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)

§ § §

"In Case of Need" That our everyday **By Ralph Bergengren** life affords the best material for humor goes almost without saying. It is the material that is nearest man's personal

experience that most interests mankind, and for that reason, despite its eccentricities, "In case of Need" seems to us a book of true humor. A naive outlook upon daily life in partnership with an unconventional, and possibly self-tutored, medium of artistic expression has given the book an individuality sufficiently strong to make both friends and enemies; in other words, it will be either liked or disliked, and those who like it will find their amusement more than a temporary tickling, which ought to satisfy an author who says:

*"Beauty is best
That stands Time's test."*

"In Case of Need" is particularly a holiday offering to suit the man who delights to make presents wherein he can underline some reference that seems to fit either himself or the recipient.

*"That all the World a lover loves is true
Depends distinctly on the point of view;
Be not too certain, or you may find out
That her Papa is not in love with you."*

(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

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"A Breaker of Laws"

There is something very pathetic about the life history of this professional thief, whose knavery was in part an inheritance, part circumstance. Married to the girl of his choice; a good girl, he finally drifts back into the work he has forsworn; and when at last made a prisoner, at his wish she is made to believe him drowned. When his seven years' time expires, he decides to seek her, confess all, and beg for a re-union; but the sight of his wife and son contented, and proud of his memory is too much for him and he betakes himself to another land without revealing his identity. By W. Pett Ridge. (MacMillan & Co., N. Y.)

"Cap and Gown in Prose"

This little volume, edited by R. L. Paget, is made up of selections from the various college periodicals, and is a pleasing supplement to the series of "Cap and Gown" verses already issued. Many of the little sketches are funny, some are pathetic, and others romantic. Mr. Paget is to be congratulated on his skill in selection, and his field is rightly as wide as the United States; bits from the "Stanford Sequoia" and "Harvard Advocate" meeting fraternally in his pages. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

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"The Bennett Twins"

Not since the days of the immortal "Little Women" has there appeared so wholesome and entertaining a story as this amusing account of the adventures of an ambitious young brother and sister in New York, while trying to make their fortunes. Donald desires to become an artist, while Agnes wishes to captivate by song; and with a few hundred dollars capital they embark on an experiment of study and earning their own living. Their rebuffs, poverty and ultimate success make a charming little story wittily and well told; the conversations being extremely bright and lifelike. (MacMillan & Co., N. Y.)

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"The Mountain Maid"

And other poems by Edna Dean Proctor are dedicated to Governor Rollins of New Hampshire in honor of his "Old Home Week" celebrations, and deal largely with those festivities. Miss Proctor is widely known as the writer of charming verses, and this latest collection of poems—especially the one giving to the volume its title, will delight all natives of the old Granite State. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)



ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE OF AMERICA

"The Church needs the Stage to help her to clearly enunciate and bring her message down to earth, and keep her in closer touch with the throbbing heart of man—an alliance with that great art which 'holds the mirror up to nature'—in other words which reflects life as it is, while the Church points the way to what it should be. Without the Church we should soon be savages; without the Stage, lunatics—you can take your choice!"—(Rev. Walter E. Bentley, Secretary Actors' Church Alliance, New York City.)

✂ ✂ ✂

The Lord Bishop of Rochester is head of this movement in England, and a strong, dignified, impressive personality, Bishop Henry Codman Potter, for thirteen years past the head of the Episcopal diocese of New York, is the president of the American alliance. He is a man of positive convictions and takes a firm and favorable attitude on all questions of good to mankind. It is not surprising to those who know him to find the reassuring benignant influence of Bishop Potter at the gateway of this highroad to a clearer understanding between two great factors in modern life.

✂ ✂ ✂

"The Actors' Church Alliance stands for all that is broad in the truest sense—for all that is truly democratic; for what is really Christian."

(Signed)

Eliot Enneking

Miss Eliot Enneking, who plays the part of "Tawdrey" with James A. Hearn's "Hearts of Oak" company, and who is a daughter of Enneking the painter, intends going into vaudeville in a sketch of her own writing in January, with

MISS ELIOT ENNEKING



Courtesy Boston Sunday "Journal"

the assistance of Franklin Garland, a brother of Hamlin Garland the author, and an actor with histrionic laurels of his own.

✂ ✂ ✂

"Enclosed please find my application for membership in the Actors Church Alliance. Since the Rev. Father Ducey of this city is a vice-president, I know that there can be no objection on the part of my Church to members of any Faith joining the Alliance. The Church and Stage should work cheerfully and honestly together for the purity of human conduct."

(Signed)

Lillian Sullivan

As readers of "The National" already know, Miss Sullivan is an active member of the Frohmann forces, and is making an enviable name for herself for conscientious work of a very rare degree of merit.



WHY not establish a general "Old Home Week" early in November? This would give the boys a chance to come home to vote and enjoy a visit at the same time, and perhaps the more fortunate could prolong the visit into Thanksgiving and refresh the memories of happy old days while cheering the lonely dear ones who are now "alone in the old nest, with all the birdlings flown." There are important points to be gained in this, aside from pure enjoyment. The heavy vote polled in the presidential election of 1900 is significant in the assurance it gives of the perpetuity of republican institutions. When nearly 15,000,000 sovereign rulers can express their choice in so thoroughly systematic a manner and with so conclusive a result as in the election of November, it proves that Macaulay's prediction of our United States being a rope of sand was a blind prophesy. The greatest security to American institutions is vouchsafed to us in precisely the same ratio as the American people are interested in exercising their full rights of free citizenship. The shades of political belief may vary and the tides of partisan prestige may ebb and flow, but so long as we have evidence that the American voter is on the *qui vive*, we may rest assured that the

country is secure. Connected with this unparalleled expression of high-minded citizenship is a love of "the old home," and who can estimate the sacrifice and outlay that many men make in the exercise of the franchise. Why not then combine this with an "Old Home Week" in every state, when the boys who have left for the city or are in college may come home to vote where their fathers have voted, if such place remains in fact their home. This would eliminate a great class, who from purely selfish lack of interest, neglect and shirk the great rights and responsibilities for which our forefathers so bravely struggled.

A NIGHT in a great city railway station is an interesting study of the life of our times. The hurrying throngs of the early evening rush by the little groups which are waiting for their trains, who barricade the seats with bags and bundles and become a fixed part of the picture. The train caller rattles off his periodical oration in stentorian monotony and one starts here and another there, but those for later trains greet him with a yawn and a wearisome glance at the slow moving clock. The little children with the tired mother grow restless, and she lulls them to sleep amid the

strange scenes of hurry and confusion. The tow-headed youngsters are stretched out under the iron arm rests on the settees, and the mother watches them with the same tenderness as if at the little humble home. Over near the smoking-room a motley group gathers, and one by one recline for a good nap. The train caller recognizes them, and they are moved on and out into the bitter cold of the night, perhaps to find a welcome at some neighboring saloon and later a bed at the station house. As midnight approaches, theatre parties white-gloved and in resplendent opera-cloaks, sweep by, program in hand. Then another lull, and the sawdust brigade comes forth with broom in hand, and solemnly begins the cleaning of floors and cuspidors. The little baby is restless in the corner, its little piteous cry is drowned by the screeching of the engines that are trying to keep the tracks clear of snow, for the blizzard has set in. Only a scattered few remain, and with head thrown back or curled over, are wooing Morpheus.

The agent in the office sits down for a smoke in the midnight lull. A little shivering newsboy comes in to stand up against the sizzling radiator, and even the stamping hackmen come inside, with one eye watching their horses blanketed with snow. The telegraph instruments tick wearily with spells of intermission. Those who have tried to drive away the leaden moments by reading, after a careful inspection of every classically framed official railway manifesto concerning baggage, pickpockets and holiday excursions, yawn in quick succession, pace to the tank for another drink of water, and finally retreat to their baggage again, with a longing glance at the clock, before trying a new sleeping position. The silence after

midnight becomes sepulchral. The regular force has gone home, and the blizzard rages fiercer than ever.

Trains are delayed, and the black-board bulletins are filled with announcements of belated trains. A cry comes from the patient little mother, with a woolen scarf about her head in the corner.

"Where can I find a doctor, quick?" The sleepers on the seats drowsily awaken, and soon realize that a mother's agonizing voice was calling.

"My baby is dying," she cries piteously. Every mother's heart in the room responds. The hackman in front realizes the situation and starts for a doctor. The other women assist the stricken mother, and care for the remaining ones of the little flock, who rub their eyes and begin to cry for mamma. The noble-hearted chivalry of America is there, and a big, broad-faced traveling man offers his services, improvising a bed from his overcoat for the little sufferer.

"Oh, if John were only here! He's coming on the twelve o'clock train to go with us, and he never saw baby," moans the mother, vainly chafing the little feet.

The belated train arrives. The crowd surges in, and with it rushes a sturdy fellow in a buffalo coat. He looks about the room, and at once hastens to the corner.

"Selma!" he cries as he kisses her, and the little sufferer; but alas, only a waning spark of life is left, and that flickers and goes out.

The little family group is surrounded, and what tenderness, what sympathy are shown them by those strangers. Every want is anticipated. Yes, we may be a self-contained people, but Americans have hearts, big, pulsating, generous hearts.

With the dawn comes the rush of crowds, pouring on into the streets of

strenuous life, little dreaming of what had occurred during the night.

The tender and pathetic affairs of life are not always those which are paraded in glowing headlines. One or two lines in a newspaper often record an incident of deeper and more touching human interest than pages of red-lettered proclamations of crime and craft.

WHILE it may be a small matter, we want an expression from our subscribers. Will you have "The National Magazine" trimmed or untrimmed? There are advocates on both sides; those who desire to have the magazine bound naturally prefer untrimmed copies, while others complain that it is a bother and a nuisance. What think you? It costs no more either way, and the majority must rule, according to the spirit of our national institutions. The polls will close December 15.

IT is rather curious that the October number which contained an account of "A Rose of Persia," the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, was published less than a fortnight when a little Kansas maiden wrote and requested me "to see the real David Harum in a play," and to answer the query, "Does he look like what I think?"

Ripley Hitchcock of the Appleton's, who published the lamented Westcott's great novel, is the author of the play, which, of course, departs somewhat from the progress of events, as set forth in the story. The first scene reveals "Dick Larribee," washing a sulky in front of the great barn, and is strongly suggestive of similar introductions in "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," and like realistic pastoral plays, but a great tramping of horses' feet in the stable

breaks the monotony, and David Harum comes upon the stage, no longer a shadowy character, but the living, scheming, keen-witted, money-making, yet generous ideal of the dead author's fancy.

His breezy, original greeting, manner and expression at once captured the audience, and among the first of his sayings his epigrammatic "Do the other follow fust" appeared to satisfy every one that the true David Harum was before them in Crane's inimitable personification.

The rollicking jollity, keen sarcastic comments on men and things, terse business directions, and simple pathos and sentiment of a strikingly American character were individualized in a way that elicited by turns hearty merriment and the sincerest sympathy. The book itself, at least the heart and life thereof, lay before us, and in the audience there were many men who, to a greater or less extent, might have stood for David Harum, who showed that they keenly enjoyed his breezy and terse utterances, and as deeply felt those homelier and kindlier scenes, which recalled past hopes and sorrows, not unlike those of the mimic stage. Human life and love, joys and griefs, struggles and victory, loss and compensation never cease to charm.

When David Harum told of his dead baby boy, before a picture hung upon the parlor wall, there were few eyes which did not soften and grow dim, for "death hath entered into every house," and the sense of love and loss is a stranger to but few human hearts. But the climax of interest and emotion is reached when David tells the little Widow Cullom how her husband gave him the first great pleasure of his childhood by taking him to the circus, treating him kindly, and giving him hope for a brighter future, ending by repay-

ing this bygone kindness of the dead by cancelling the mortgage that had so nearly deprived her of her home.

Some people wonder that such plays are popular in New York and other American cities. They surely forget that many of the middle-aged gentlemen in broadcloth and fine linen, and matrons in silk and furs, can look back to rural homes and experiences of hard work and few pleasures, but still dear to the heart, although in most cases the old home and the old folks are only memories, and here and there one can say in the words of the refrain enshrined in "Ben Bolt,"

"There remains Ben, but you and I."

Well, little one, I am not trying to write a dramatic criticism, and then, other listeners may tire of our topic. I felt a stronger faith in humanity after seeing "David Harum" behind the foot-lights, and his audience before them. You have received more in reading "David Harum" than I, who can never wholly eliminate from my mind the impression that the stage is but the shadow of human life after all—a reflection that does not haunt one as in reading a book, in the quietude and charm of the fireside.

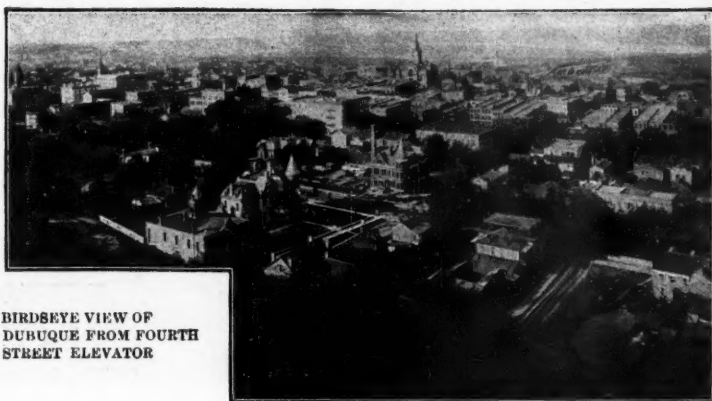
THE bequest of \$25,000, left in trust by Benjamin Franklin, to the selectmen and the ministers of the three oldest churches of Boston, to be let at five per cent per annum to young married working men of this city, was long since diverted from this purpose. It has not been invested according to the ideas of Franklin, and the amount accumulated to date has by no means realized the anticipations of its founders. It is a great pity that a fund to aid deserving artisans, mechanics, architects, literary and professional men to obtain a start in life is not to-day established by the chari-

table bequests and contributions which go so freely to endow already wealthy and somewhat topheavy colleges and institutions. A few books, tools, medical or dental instruments, a typewriter or the like, are often indispensable to the graduate of public and private institutions of learning and yet utterly beyond his means to secure, or only purchasable at an exorbitant price, or with the paltry savings of a man's best years.

At no distant day we hope to see these real necessities provided for on terms entirely in keeping with practical business methods.

The readers of "The National Magazine" will be pleased to learn that what has heretofore been said upon this subject has commended itself to gentlemen of means, who have expressed their intention to make such a disposition of a part of their several estates, in preference to increasing the funds devoted solely to educational, religious and institutional objects. Benjamin Franklin especially made provision "for young married men, under the age of twenty-five;" a most significant proviso. In that day, a man out of his apprenticeship or college, having an honest calling, good health and the tools of his trade, was counted marriageable, not only in a purely legal sense, but as a desirable match. He and "the woman whom God had given him" were justified in taking up the burdens and cares of life together.

I hope for the time when "The National Magazine" can itself put to such uses a fair proportion of its profits, and thereby evidence the sincerity not only of its desire to advance American art and literature, but the domestic, social and industrial welfare of the American people. True philanthropy should recognize that men are men—individuals—not merely institutional cogs in a mechanical existence.



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF
DUBUQUE FROM FOURTH
STREET ELEVATOR

THE KEY CITY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

DUBUQUE, with its 40,000 population, is the most prosperous city of Iowa. It has a frontage on the Mississippi river of four and one-half miles, and covers an area of 7,600 acres. Its progressiveness and prosperity are indicated by its six beautiful parks, 27 miles of electric street railway, nearly 100 miles of paved streets, 30 miles of gas mains, 31 miles of sewers, 750 miles of telephone and electric lines, the finest court house in the state, built at a cost of \$250,000, a custom house, and many other fine public buildings. Its fire department and police force are efficient and well equipped, and the municipal affairs of the city are ably and economically managed. With a good water supply, owned by the city, and an excellent sanitary system, Dubuque is exceptionally healthy, and is to-day the best city in Iowa for home seekers and investors.

Modern residences, modern business buildings and modern business methods attest the justness of Dubu-

que's claim to being a modern city. Comfortable and elegant homes, modern in architecture and all appointments bear testimony to the prosperity and happiness of the citizens of this beautiful city. Large and handsome buildings abound in the business section, many of which, particularly the Bank and Insurance and Security office buildings, are superior to any found west of Chicago.

Dubuque's school system presents excellent educational advantages. Its high school building, the finest in Iowa, is a beautiful and imposing structure, and the public schools have eighteen fine buildings in different parts of the city. There are also thirteen parochial schools, five academies, two seminaries, two colleges, one of them the oldest and one of the most prominent business colleges in the west, a theological seminary, which is one of the largest schools of the kind in America, and a magnificent public library containing 15,000 volumes.

Dubuque has more fine church edi-

fices than any city in the state, thirty-two in number, representing nearly all the leading religious denominations. Many charitable and educational institutions also are maintained.

In the matter of hotel accomodation it is generally admitted by the traveling men and the general public that Dubuque is unsurpassed by any city in the state, making it a most convenient place for holding conventions or any large gathering of a public nature.

The steady, substantial growth of Dubuque's enterprises has placed the Key City far in the lead as the commercial metropolis of Iowa. One hundred and sixty wholesale jobbing establishments representing nearly every kind of mercantile enterprise, employ an army of commercial travelers and represent an unlimited capital of many millions.

The annual products of Dubuque's factories amount in the aggregate to over \$20,000,000, furnishing employment to 10,000 persons whose wages amount to \$3,500,000 annually. Among the manufacturing plants are many with a national reputation. Here are located the largest shipyards on the Mississippi river north of St. Louis, and scores of other large and thriving

manufactories, whose products are used in all parts of the country. The seven banks of Dubuque, with a

ONE OF DUBUQUE'S HOTELS

[Copyrighted]



paid up capital of nearly a million and a half, are among the leading financial institutions of the state. The city boasts five daily papers, seven weeklies, one semi-weekly and one trade journal, all of which are energetic and progressive.

In the matter of transportation Dubuque is greatly favored, having no less than five great trunk lines of railroads reaching out in every direction, in addition to the river transportation afforded during six or seven months of the year. The best possible facilities are thus afforded for the distribution of her products and the comfort and convenience of her traveling public.

But it is not alone on her trade, commerce and manufacturing that Dubuque's financial prosperity depends. A century and a decade have elapsed since an Indian squaw gouged the first piece of lead ore out of one of the neighboring hills with a crooked stick. Almost ever since that day the hills and valleys have been mined more or less, but notwithstanding the

JULIEN DUBUQUE'S GRAVE



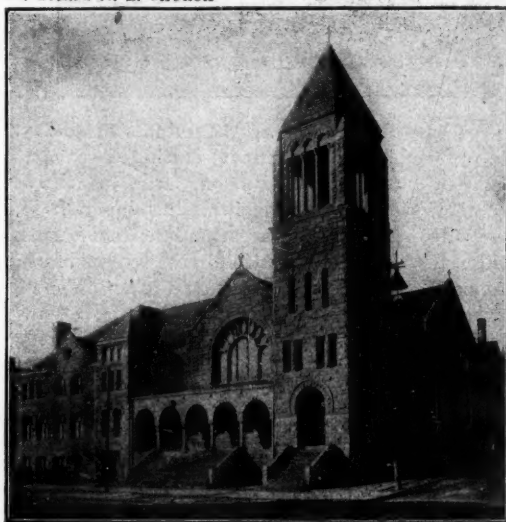
number of mines which have been opened, there are great bodies of mineral ore underlying the surrounding territory which have scarcely been touched. Buried in the bluffs and ravines lies untold treasure, as is being daily demonstrated by the miners who are now making concerted results. The old diggings were of necessity worked in a very superficial manner, and the implements used were crude and primitive. Now every skilful appliance known in mining operations has been developed, until perfection has been attained, and now, with every favoring circumstance to foster the industry, the lead and zinc mines of Dubuque hold potential millions within their dark recesses. A score of mines showing varying degrees of productive-

ness, are in operation, some within the city limits, all within a radius of

BANK AND INSURANCE BUILDING



ST. LUKE'S M. E. CHURCH



three or four miles. These mines employ from five to forty men each, and are raising between 100 and 150 tons of ore per day. In addition to the new plant of the Dubuque Concentrating Co., the city has the Rockdalesmelter of W. S. Watters & Co., which melts over 2,500,000 pounds of lead per year. It is expected that in the not far future there will be other plants established which will be of material value to the mines of Dubuque county.

In view of the mining boom surely and swiftly sweeping this way, a few words in regard to a matter that is being so widely agitated cannot be without interest to many in this,

as well as other communities, whose attention is fixed in this direction. This is not a surprising, even though a sudden eruption from the subterranean vaults of our great mineral kingdom. The only surprising feature about it is, the long lapse of silence and apathy that has lain between the years when the lead mines of this and surrounding vicinities were their stock in trade, their hope, their ambition and their land of promise. These were only abandoned when Dame Fortune in one of her capricious moods saw fit to woo the old miner from his

and skill to penetrate their mysteries and wrest from them some of their hidden treasures were left in all their primeval silence and solitude. But far and above all, Nature's safety vaults beneath the majesty's hills and vales were still brimming over with their glittering hordes of wealth which lie there to-day, and probably when the plunderers shall come with the appliances with which skill and science have been busy in the intervening years since these lead mines were worked, they will be rewarded with visions of buried treasures un-

EIGHTH AND MAIN STREETS, CARNIVAL WEEK



windlass, from his blasts, his furnaces and leaden castles out upon other fields of venture and speculation. Thrifty sons of toil threw down their implements, tossed their delusive will-o'-the-wisp, the witch hazel bough, to the winds; left their Aladdin lamps to burn themselves out in the bowels of the earth and hastened to follow the fickle goddess into tortuous paths of speculation in lands that grew fabulously valuable in the later years of the fifties. So the mighty caverns that had given up many a good fortune to those who had the hardihood

dreamed of by the miners of to-day.

The old miner depended greatly upon his own strong arm, his native genius and sometimes his superstition, and always the stimulant that is born of seeing wealth almost within reach, and that will spur men to action as no other influence can inspire. Thus while many of the pioneers prospered and made fortunes, notably those of the better and more intelligent class, others fell back, through discouragement or want or better facilities for pursuing their operations, knowing that while wealth was almost within

reach theirs were not the hands to grasp it.

A voice of prophecy may be heard

coming down through over half a century of time which will be listened to with almost startling interest by those whose attention has been so enthusiastically aroused by the circumstances of to-day. In 1854 and 1855 the late Mr. Lucius H. Langworthy, one of Dubuque's wealthy mining pioneers, delivered two well remembered lectures, which included in their themes the history, mines, Indian legends, etc., of this western country. Speaking of the mines he said: "The lead mines will never be entirely exhausted, on the contrary, when capital, science and skill are at length embarked to develop them it will be found that not one-half of their richness has yet been ascertained." There it is in a nutshell. Not one-half of the richness of these bluffs and ravines has been explored or even touched with an implement for purposes of mining or prospecting for mineral. They have been lightly touched upon or are still holding their treasures for perhaps the sons and grandsons of those who first dug and delved in the solitudes of over half a century gone. All about the vicinity of the old Bonson diggings: the Bartlett, Stewart, Karrick, Cheney, Carter, McKenzie and Kelley mines, and others running south and west about Center Grove, Catfish and Dubuque's Grave.

A complete concentrator for crushing, cleaning and refining zinc and lead ore and a number of the latest and most improved pieces of mining machinery going into place underground briefly tell the story that a real

mining awakening has already taken hold of Dubuque. The "indication" period has passed and the genuine re-

DUBUQUE COUNTY COURT HOUSE



Copyright

vival of active operations as well as the brightening prospects has gladdened the hearts of both mine owners and miners.

There are many who have made a geological study of the district who claim that notwithstanding the number of mines which have been opened in the great stretch of time since the first discovery, there are great bodies of mineral ore underlying the surrounding territory, which have scarcely been touched. They say that the lead ore which has been taken out in the past amounts to nothing in comparison with the body of lead and zinc remaining under ground.

The Dubuque Business Men's League, organized and incorporated under the laws of Iowa, has for its object the development of the commercial and industrial interests of Dubuque. No city of the West can present greater advantages to all who would invest in real estate, or who are engaged in any kind of manufacturing, and all such are cordially invited to apply for detailed information to Jno. F. Stemm, secretary.



GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK

LINKED WITHIN A DAY

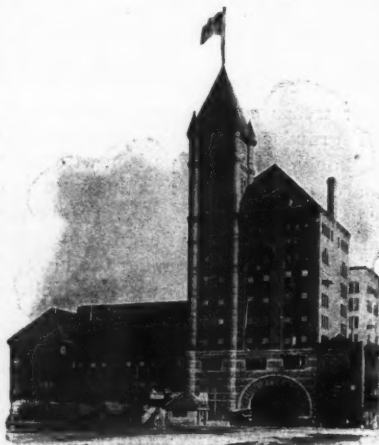
TRANSACTING a day's business in Boston and completing another day's work in Chicago, on the following date on the calendar, would read like an airship story to our forefathers.

A thousand miles are now as a day. I must confess that the trip is a marvel if one stops to think of it. At a late lunch a messenger came requesting me to come at once to Chicago. Later in the afternoon after completing a day's work, I was aboard the Michigan Central Special, at the new Terminal Station in Boston. After a meal in New York Central diner, I had no comments to make on Mr. Daniel's notation at the bottom of the menu card to "re-

port any," etc. In fact, the trouble is that well-satisfied people are much slower about heralding gratification than the dissatisfied ones are in making complaints.

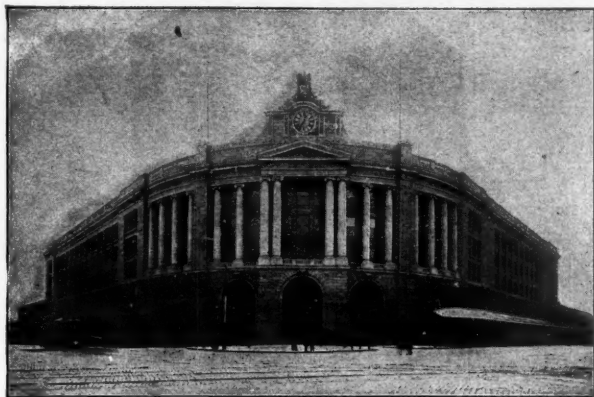
With that benign and homelike feeling which only a traveler on an Amer-

ican railway can have, I settled down with a book for a short time, and finally capped the evening with a peaceful political discussion in the smoking room, in which all agreed as to party issues and results. A glass of water all around, then the usual smoking room formalities, and total strangers of an hour before said good-night as courteously as if they



CENTRAL STATION, CHICAGO

LINKED WITHIN A DAY



NEW SOUTH STATION, BOSTON

had known each other for a life-time.

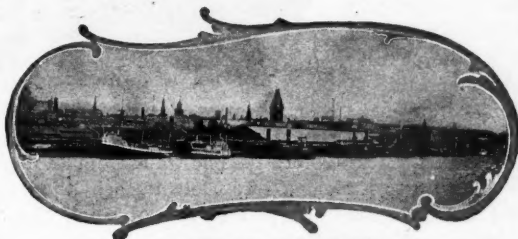
A night in a sleeper on the Boston & Albany and New York Central is a luxury for rest. The steady roll of the train is a lullaby, and with "the first call for breakfast" came the first walking moment—although the great state of New York has been traversed and the city of Destiny and the Pan-American Exposition reached.

Whenever I think of Niagara Falls in any relation whatever, the "Michigan Central" railroad comes to mind. Such is the potentiality of advertising. The "Niagara Falls Route" has done more advertising of this wonder of the world than any other such agency.

of railroad folders, maps and booklets distributed can hardly be estimated. In fact, I am led to believe that it

requires a distinct heading in libraries, and is now a valuable department of American literature.

Under-standing this effective heralding of Niagara Falls is by the Michigan Cen-



THE RIVER FRONT, DETROIT



STATION GROUNDS, NILES, MICH.

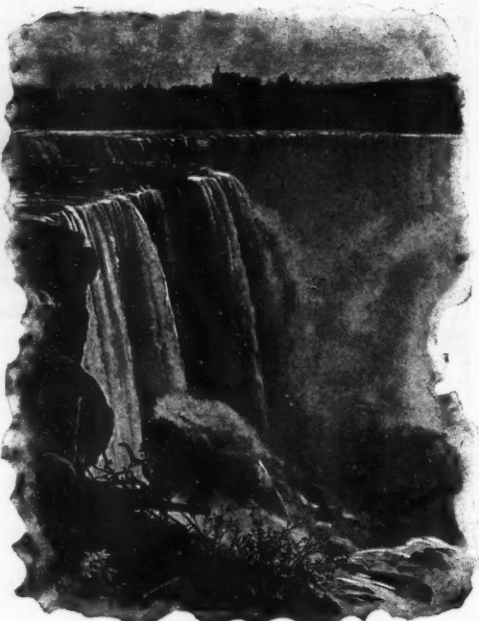
It has issued perhaps the finest line of scholarly and interesting literature of any railroad, and what is more, it is the most effectively distributed. Every American consul in all parts of the world looks for a supply of Michigan Central Literature, quite as much as he does for a letter from home. The value

LINKED WITHIN A DAY

tral, we can realize why it is that the first place an Englishman desires to visit upon arriving in America is Niagara Falls, and then he feels that he has "done" America.

Anthony Trollope, the novelist, wrote perhaps the finest description of Niagara ever printed. Charles Dickens also invoked the magic of his pen the same as does everyone upon their first visit, and reams and reams of stationery and notebook space are utilized in an effort to adequately express the impressions in words.

But here, we are lingering more than our "five minutes to view the falls." The Michigan Central has taken on a new distinction, it is now appropriately called the "Pan-American" route, and will be the popular road for the enormous tide of travel to the exposition next year. Adequate preparations have been made for this, in double tracking the line the entire distance to Chicago, straightening out curves, constructing new stone bridges, and perfecting

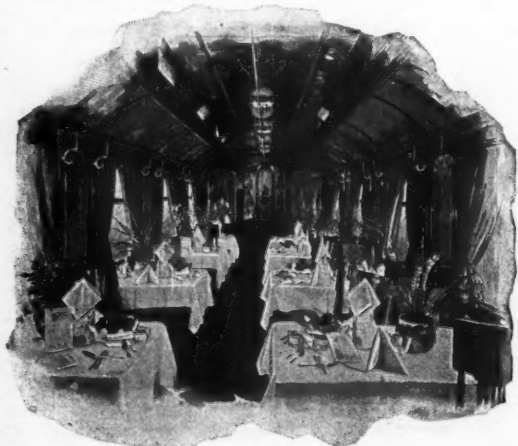


THE HORSESHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND

every detail for handling enormous traffic.

The track from St. Thomas, Canada, to Detroit, has the reputation well deserved of being the "best stretch of steel" in America, and the speed made between these points is dazzling, even to an air-ship dreamer.

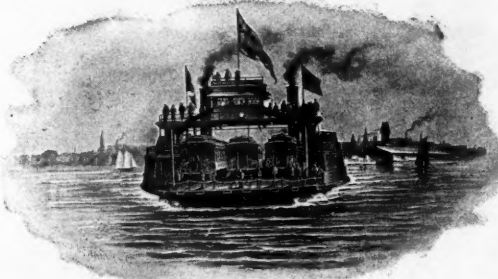
The train is taken across the river at Detroit on the splendid steel steamers from which the Russian government have modelled the imperial vessels that ply on Lake Baikal. The ferry is a refreshing and delightful break in the run from Buffalo to Chicago. It is indeed an oasis for the "lightning speed caravan." The view on the river, especially at night, is bewitching. The great boats gliding by noise-



MICHIGAN CENTRAL DINING CAR

LINKED WITHIN A DAY

lessly, with their mast lights appearing like young stars on a lark, playing about the clouded horizon is indeed a pleasing picture. The monster steel steamer throws upward black clouds of smoke that blend and mingle with the nebulae above in fantastic forms and shapes. The passengers from sleeper and couch alike are on the bridge of the mammoth steamer to enjoy a breathing spell that is quite as fascinating as a



TRANSFER STEAMER, DETROIT

lounge under the trees at noonday. The great tall towers of the electric lights at Detroit suggested the beauties of the brilliant cluster lights which are left floating in the air after a huge Fourth of July rocket has reached the summit of its flight and exploded.

A daylight trip from Detroit to Chicago gives a comprehensive glimpse of the thrift and prosperity of the smaller cities of the middle west. There is Ypsilanti, with its regal floral display at the station, and where the ladies are presented with a bouquet by the "flower boy." Ann Arbor, with its artistic and picturesque station, also the home of the great university; Jackson, noted for car shops and corsets; Battle Creek for its sanitarium



STATION GROUNDS, YPSILANTI, MICH.

and threshing machines; Kalamazoo, first of all for its name, a world beater, of curiosity the world over, and for celery that never wilts; Niles for the oriental splendor of the extensive station grounds: here bouquets are also bestowed upon the "fair" passengers, which of course, only includes the ladies.

The exceptional floral display here, representing everything from a locomotive to Niagara itself, is not excelled by any railway station in the world. In fact, the Niagara route has made a special feature of picturesque station grounds, until it presents a pleasing



DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL

LINKED WITHIN A DAY

floral panorama from Boston to Chicago. The brief stops are always made delightful by the sweet fragrance of many flowers, until the traveler begins to feel that the old adage has been annihilated, and that

The Boston & Albany, New York Central and Michigan Central form an ideal air line to the West, and any traveler who goes once this way will always take the route again when speed and comfort are prime considerations.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL TRAIN AT FALLS VIEW

he is indeed traveling upon "flowery beds of ease". The diner, buffet car, barber shop, library, etc., can all be grouped in one sentence, but they express volumes in the comfort they bring the traveler. Promptly on the dot the train leaving Boston in the afternoon, arrived at the Twelfth Street Station in Chicago at 4 p. m. the next day, and a business deal was transacted at the Auditorium before 5 p. m.

Ready to return after more business, and back in Boston again on the same day, actually only one day away, and business transacted in Chicago.

It follows the well-worn paths of Indian trails, and is the natural artery through which flows the chief portion of trans-continental travel, and the service of this Niagara Falls route is one of the things that has made American railroads famous the world over.

If you are interested further buy your ticket that way or send to

A. S. Hansan, B. & A., Boston,
George H. Daniels, N. Y. City,
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